

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,020



JUNE 15, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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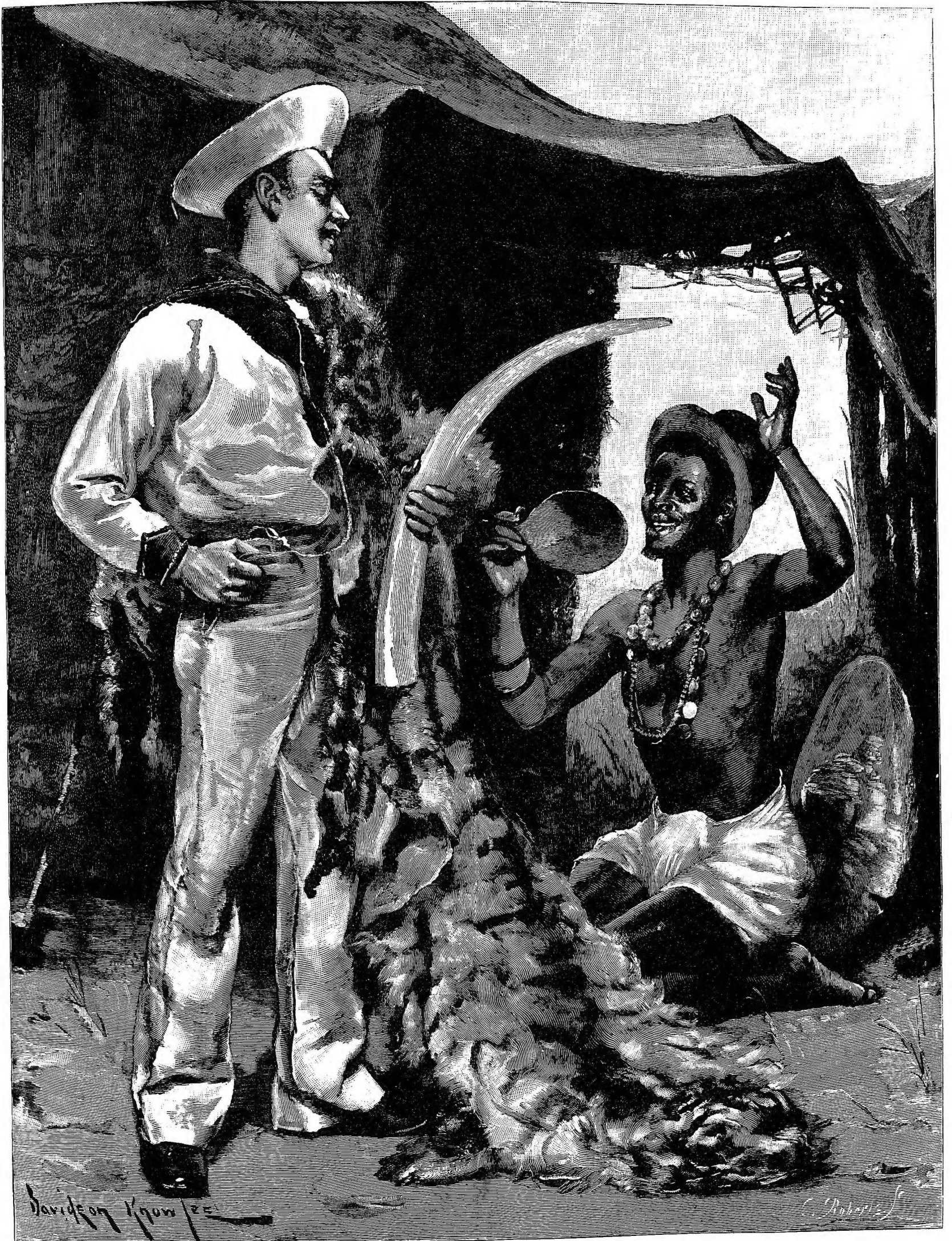
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889

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"EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY"

Topics of the Week

FOREIGN LESSONS IN HOME RULE.—During his Western tour Mr. Gladstone has been singing remarkably flat. Sanguine estimates about future elections, denunciation of Government coercion in Ireland, and the expression of a wish that there were many Conybeares in the House of Commons, make up a very platitudinarian and disappointing total. In spite of the powerful appeal recently made by one of the staunchest of his adherents, Mr. Asquith, at Oxford, on one subject the "Grand Old Man" is provokingly silent. Not a word will he utter in explanation of his present views on Home Rule. No doubt he is silent, because, though he may have half-a-dozen schemes brewing in his busy brain, there is not one which he dares bring forward into the light of day. What he virtually implies by his reticence is this. First, reinstate me in power—the really important matter—and then I will tell you what I mean to do with Home Rule—a comparatively unimportant matter. In the interim Mr. Gladstone might vary the tedious monotony of his Wessex speeches by giving the world his views of the Cretan imbroglio as bearing on the political future of Ireland. There is considerable parallelism between the two cases, only that Crete has already won her Home Rule, while Ireland has still to wait. In each island (we speak according to Gladstonian formulas), the native race has been for ages oppressed by a tyrannical alien authority; in each case a large part of the population consists of persons who are allied by race and creed with the alien authority. The Mahomedans, of course, correspond to the Irish Protestants; the adherents of the Greek Church to the Irish Romanists. But the instructive part of the Cretan squabble is that the Mahomedans, including the Turkish Governor, stand, either contemptuously or timidly, aloof, while the quarrelling is all done by the once-oppressed Greeks. Now that they enjoy the blessings of self-government they have split into two irreconcilable parties, the "ins" and "outs," or to use their own expressive nomenclature, the Havresacks and the Barefoots, and these factions fight tooth and nail for the sweets of office. Might not a similar state of things arise in the Emerald Isle under Home Rule? The Irish are just as pugnacious as the Cretans, and quite as fond of Government berths. A day may come, though we hope it won't, when the Ulstermen and Protestants generally, backed by the Lord Lieutenant, may stand sullenly aside while Healyites and Davittites, in quest of the spoils of office, try to reduce each other to the condition of the famous Kilkenny cats.

CO-OPERATION.—The Co-operative Congress, as usual, has had many pleasant facts to talk about, so far as co-operation for the distribution of commodities is concerned. Almost from the beginning, co-operation of this kind has been a success. The working classes have found that by binding themselves together they can often obtain better goods at a lower price than by dealing with individual traders, and there can be little doubt that the movement will continue to make progress, as it has done among other classes. Every one, however, sees that co-operation in this sense can go only a little way towards the solution of our social difficulties. What is wanted, is co-operation for production as well as for distribution: a system in which there could not possibly be any dispute between capital and labour, since the members of each society would be both capitalists and labourers, and would secure for themselves all the profits of their undertakings. Unfortunately, the attempts to establish such communities have not, hitherto, had very encouraging results. In his interesting address, Professor Marshall expressed the opinion that productive societies had been apt to engage in unsuitable businesses; and he suggested that for the present they should confine themselves to industries that do not require great talent—industries in which punctuality, order, neatness, careful economy in matters of detail, and a steady resolve to tread along a well-beaten path, are the things chiefly needed. No doubt this is sound advice, but it must not be forgotten that even for ordinary hum-drum work it is absolutely necessary that the members of productive societies should have perfect confidence in one another and in their chosen leader or leaders, and that on all occasions they should display not only energy, but rigid self-control. These are conditions to which it is rather hard to submit, and we must not expect that the qualities which would make compliance with them easy will soon be very widely diffused. The easiest form of co-operation is profit-sharing, and this, if widely adopted, would probably turn out to be quite as good for the employers as for the employed.

THE EGYPTIAN DEBT.—The announcement that all the Powers with the exception of France and Russia have consented to the conversion of the Egyptian Preference Debt agrees with general anticipations. It was expected from the beginning that the French Government would set its face against the proposal. Not that France has anything to gain by

compelling Egypt to pay a higher rate of interest on her debt than circumstances necessitate. Nor is it that the Preference Bonds are mostly held in France; they are chiefly owned in England. It is simply because England continues to play the part of guardian angel on the Nile that this opposition comes from France to a much-needed financial reform. The argument of her Government is, that if the Khedive's credit has so improved as to justify his lowering the rate of interest on the Preference Stock by one per cent., there can be no further occasion for a British garrison in Egypt. That would be fair reasoning enough, were not the present measure of Egyptian credit largely due to the presence of the very troops that France wishes to be removed. How stood the case previous to the despatch of these soldiers to Nileland? The Khedive was then, and for a long while afterwards, on the verge of insolvency; indeed, it was only quite recently that he fairly got his head above the financial breakers. Even now, any small disaster, such as a failure of the crops or a defeat on the Wady Halfa frontier, would greatly embarrass the Cairo Treasury. It is a vain pretence, therefore, to assume, as the French Government does, that the basis of Egypt's financial credit is firmly fixed, irrespective of the English occupation. Were it to cease, French holders of Unified Bonds would soon see the contrary. They, however, are far too prudent to desire a proceeding which would lower the value of their property by 15 or 20 per cent.

THE BOULANGISTS.—We do not know how far General Boulanger is responsible for the recent doings of his zealous lieutenants, Messrs. Laguerre and Déroulède. Perhaps, in the atmosphere of Portland Place, he has already imbibed a modicum of British phlegm; and, as Wilkes denied that he was a Wilkite, so the General may feel rather ashamed of being a Boulangist. Fairly sensible Englishmen would certainly take this view, believing that General Boulanger would best serve his own interest by a rigorous abstinence from all interference in French politics during his self-imposed exile. But then Frenchmen are not as Englishmen, and a once-popular idol runs risk of oblivion unless kept perpetually *en évidence*. There may, therefore, be some sense in the apparent folly of these demonstrations at Angoulême and Lyons. That they are artificial got-up affairs, as M. Constans asserts, and not spontaneous outbreaks of enthusiasm, does not altogether lessen their gravity, for an active unscrupulous minority, backed by ample resources, can do wonders, especially in France. Another disquieting symptom is the total lack of real patriotism in the Chamber. Boulangists, Bonapartists, and Royalists are all ready on the slightest provocation to "go" for the Government. Yet they know full well that if any one of the three parties gained the day, it would show scant mercy to the other two. Meanwhile, the present crisis will probably smoulder on without anything very decisive happening until the autumn elections. As we have had occasion to remark before, the tranquillity now prevailing is largely due to the Chief Constable of Paris, that is to say, to the iron Colossus whose four legs straddle over the Champ de Mars.

TWO PROTESTS.—It is not very easy to understand the reasoning of the women who signed the now famous Protest in the *Nineteenth Century*. They do not at all object to the steps which the Legislature has already taken to associate women with public duties. On the contrary, they think that women are in their proper place as members of School Boards and of Boards of Guardians. But if women are fit to decide the intricate and important questions which often come before great School Boards, they surely cannot be unfit to form an opinion about such matters as are discussed at the time of a General Election. It was inevitable that a counter-Protest should be published, and accordingly it has been announced that a manifesto by women who adopt the opposite view will appear in the forthcoming number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Those who sign the new Protest will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are on what appears to be the winning side. There never was a time when women displayed so much interest in politics as they are displaying now, and there seems to be a growing feeling that if they are to exercise influence on national affairs it would be better that they should exercise it with the sense of responsibility which would accompany the possession of the vote. They are affected by the decisions of the Legislature in exactly the same way as men, and it is unreasonable that they should not have a voice in the making of laws which they are compelled to obey. Women who dislike the idea of taking part in politics may console themselves by reflecting that, even if female suffrage were established to-morrow, they would not be bound to make use of it. It would still be possible for them to hold aloof from the settlement of questions of public interest. Since their own liberty would be in no way interfered with, why should they wish to restrict the action of other women?

PERMANENT ADOPTION OF CHILDREN.—Excellent as are its objects, Lord Meath's Bill to regulate the adoption of children will be likely to meet with strenuous opposition.

The main purpose is to prevent idle or dissolute parents who have formally handed over their offspring to charitable institutions from claiming their restoration. There is no doubt whatever that in most cases where this happens the children suffer incalculable loss. Nor can it be questioned that a certain class of parents make use of the institutions while the children are too young to earn anything, but with the full intention of taking them out as soon as they are fit to be put on the streets. Clearly, therefore, these unfortunate victims of parental neglect and greed would be great gainers by Lord Meath's measure. But it is certain that the proselytisers of all sects would quickly get to work with their nets to catch the children, and hold them tight when caught by means of the new law. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford complains that this is done already, the wicked Protestants being perpetually on the prowl after his innocent lambskins. Perhaps some of the accused might retort that the Bishop's co-religionists play the same game with Protestant children; we think we have heard of such cases. But whether the pot be as black or only half as black as the kettle does not much matter. The serious point is that the children of the very poor would be regarded as "game" by these religious sportsmen, who somehow do not seem to care nearly as much for adult converts. And if Lord Meath's Bill became law, children once "tied" to institutions as public-houses are to breweries could never get out until the covenanted term expired. That would be a very sweeping innovation, and we doubt whether English feeling would long tolerate the spectacle of parents being permanently severed from their children by a legal process never found necessary until the war of sects began.

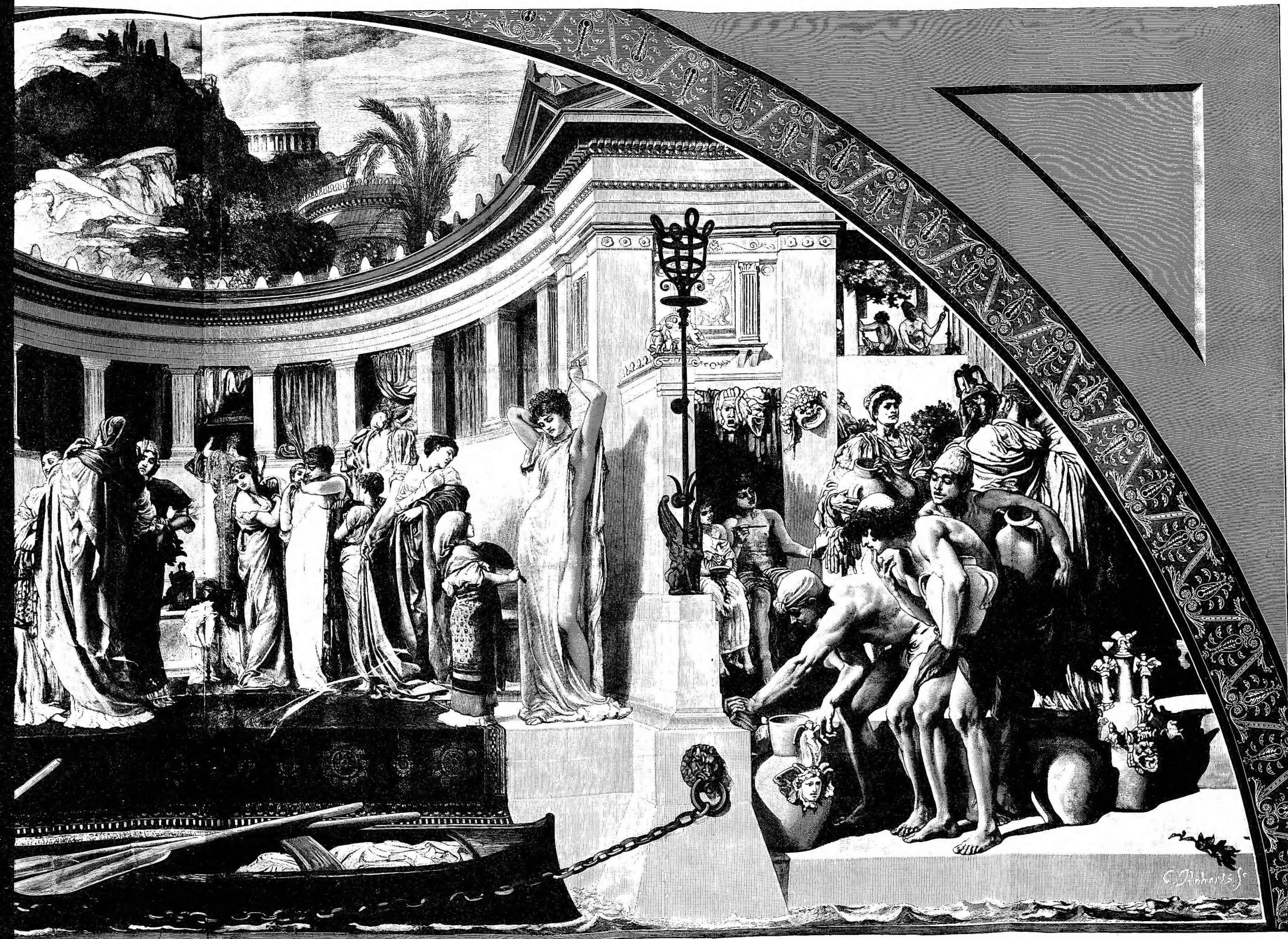
DAMS AND RESERVOIRS.—Exact details as to the construction of the Conemaugh Valley dam have not yet reached this country, but the first of the coroner's juries which was empanelled to inquire into the origin of a disaster which caused the death of some fifteen thousand persons have pronounced that it was in such a faulty condition as to render the owners of the reservoir liable to be prosecuted for criminal negligence. According to most authorities this dam was chiefly built of earth, and only faced with masonry, but even if, as a skilled engineer asserts, it was solidly built of stone, it is possible that the foundations were extremely defective. These statements have a highly practical interest at the present time when the Vyrnwy reservoir, which is to supply Liverpool with water, is approaching completion. The same correspondent who vouches for the comparative solidity of the Conemaugh dam declares that the Vyrnwy dam is not a masonry dam throughout, as it should be, but has a puddle trench in it for part of its length, and if this trench were to give way, although only part of the water pent up in the reservoir could escape, it would be enough to cause considerable destruction in the valley below. Another engineer, however, gives a far more encouraging report of the Vyrnwy Works. He says nothing of the puddle trench, describes the dam as being built of solid stone, and points out, moreover, that its foundations are laid upon actual solid rock, a trench sixty feet deep having been dug in order that the rock-stratum might be reached along the whole length of the bulwark. As there seems to be no reason to doubt the correctness of these statements, the Vyrnwy dam will, in all probability, hold its own against all the forces of Nature which are likely to be exerted in North Wales.

GIORDANO BRUNO.—On Sunday last a statue of Giordano Bruno was unveiled in Rome on the spot where he was burned at the stake, and the event was made the occasion of an extraordinary display of popular enthusiasm. It has been said that few of those who united to do honour to his memory can have known much about his ideas, and this is probably true. What the crowd assembled on the Campo dei Fiori was thinking of, however, was the fact that in an age when the Roman Church sought to crush the liberty of the individual mind Giordano Bruno dared to think for himself, and gladly laid down his life rather than consent to any limitation of his intellectual freedom. It requires no very profound knowledge of philosophy to see that in acting in this noble spirit he rendered splendid service both to his country and to mankind. When condemned, in accordance with the usual cynical formula, to be "delivered to the secular authorities with the request that they would punish him as mildly as possible and without effusion of blood," he had the courage to say to his judges, "I suspect that you pronounce my sentence with greater fear than I receive it." They certainly had good reason to be afraid, for the example of such men could not, and did not, fail to encourage others to "prove all things," and to be loyal to their own convictions. Apart from this aspect of his work, Bruno's ideas will always be attractive to students of the development of thought, because in his writings there was an earnest attempt to connect science, as then understood, with philosophy, and because he combined to an extraordinary degree imaginative insight with logical subtlety. It is interesting to remember that two of the happiest years of his restless life were spent in England, and that he was the honoured friend of one of the best Englishmen of that or any other age, Sir Philip Sidney. Some critics have even contended that there are traces of Bruno's influence in *Hamlet*.



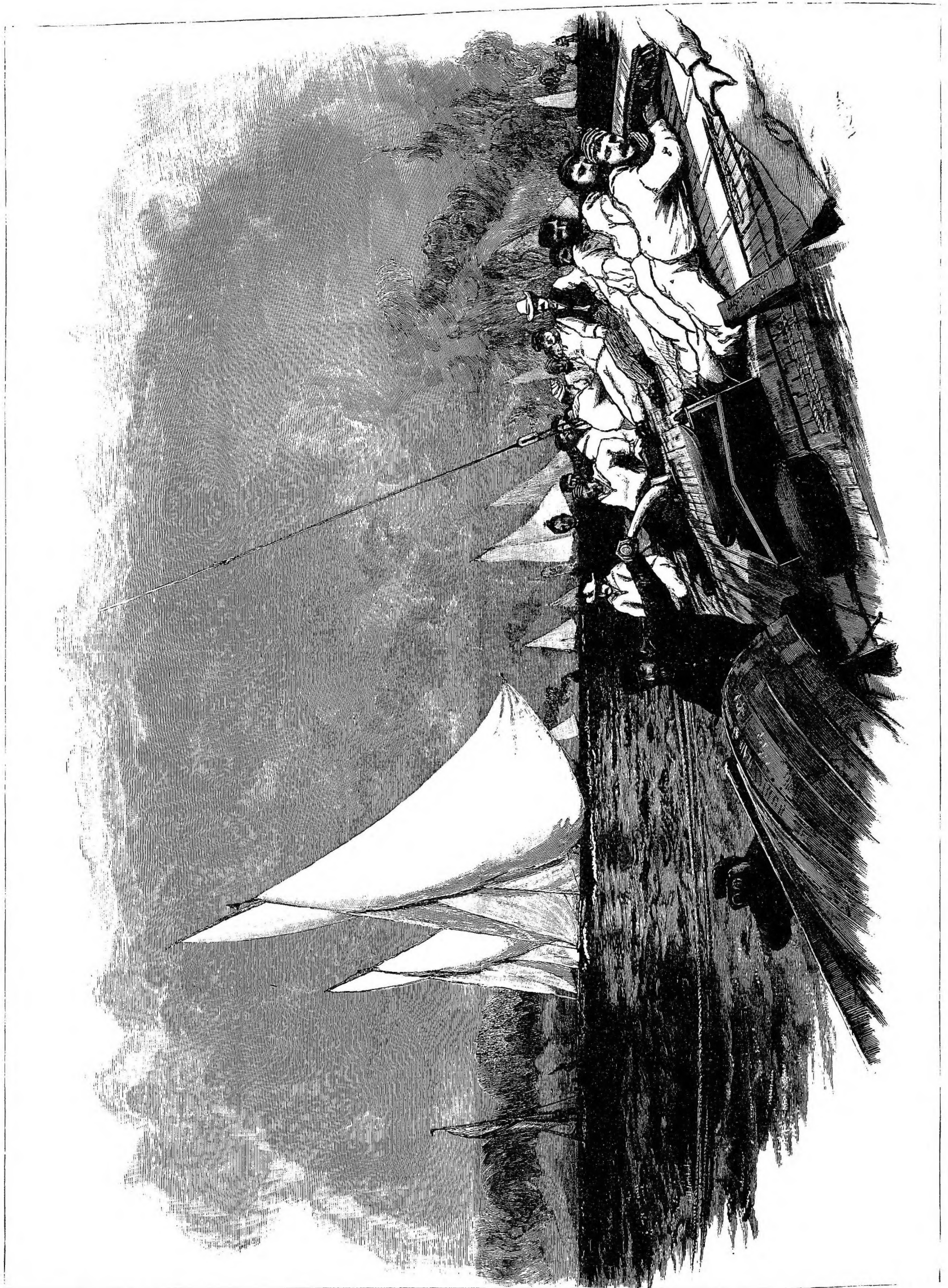
AN ENGRAVING OF THE COMPANION FRESKO, "THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS APPLIED IN WAR," WAS PUBLISHED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO "THE GRAPHIC" OF APRIL 21, 1883.

"THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS APPLIED
FROM THE FRESKO BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., IN THE



INDUSTRIAL ARTS APPLIED TO PEACE"
BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A., IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

John Leech's fertile fancy and expressive humour are seen in many drawings, but the twenty crude and coarsely-painted oil pictures are not likely to add to his reputation. They are vastly inferior to his black and white designs of the same subjects. Randolph Caldecott is represented by a very large number of drawings exceedingly varied in subject, and all marked by distinct individuality of style. They show that he was not only one of the most highly-gifted of graphic humorists, but one of the most original. In no way do they recall the work of any of his predecessors. They are remarkable for their mastery of *technique*, their simplicity of treatment, and expressive certainty of line, as well as for the rare inventive faculty that they display, and their humour.



LORD DUNRAVEN'S YACHT "VALKYRIE" IN HER TRIAL RACES AT THE NORE

WELBECK ABBEY II.

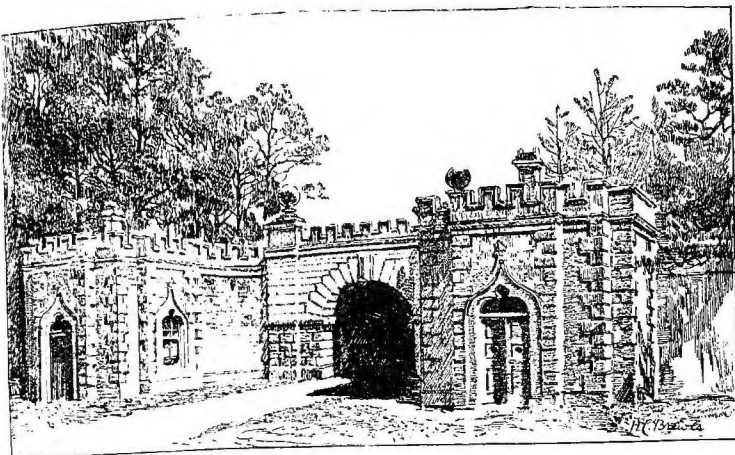
THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND

FROM DRAWINGS BY H. C. BREWER

LET US NOW MAKE OUR WAY INTO THE INTERIOR, which is full of interest. The entrance hall is itself a fine room. Here are two lovely pieces of Flemish tapestry with different representations of the first Marquis, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, in coat of mail on a high-crested Barb charger, and his sons as angels hovering above him in the act of placing a laurel wreath upon his head. The mantel-piece in beautiful coloured marbles was made by the Countess of Oxford, and displays in high relief her own arms. Here, too, we find a wonderful model of William the Third's yacht, a most curious buhlwork cabinet, and two huge brown bears shot by the

present Duke in Russia. Looking round the walls we see a portrait of Lady Jane Cheney, the Keeper of Welbeck garrison in old days, among many others.

We will now visit the "Gothic Hall," which is perhaps the grandest room in the house, and now used as a dining-room. The interior is the work of the building Countess whose arms in high relief and colours, beneath a Gothic canopy, with the date



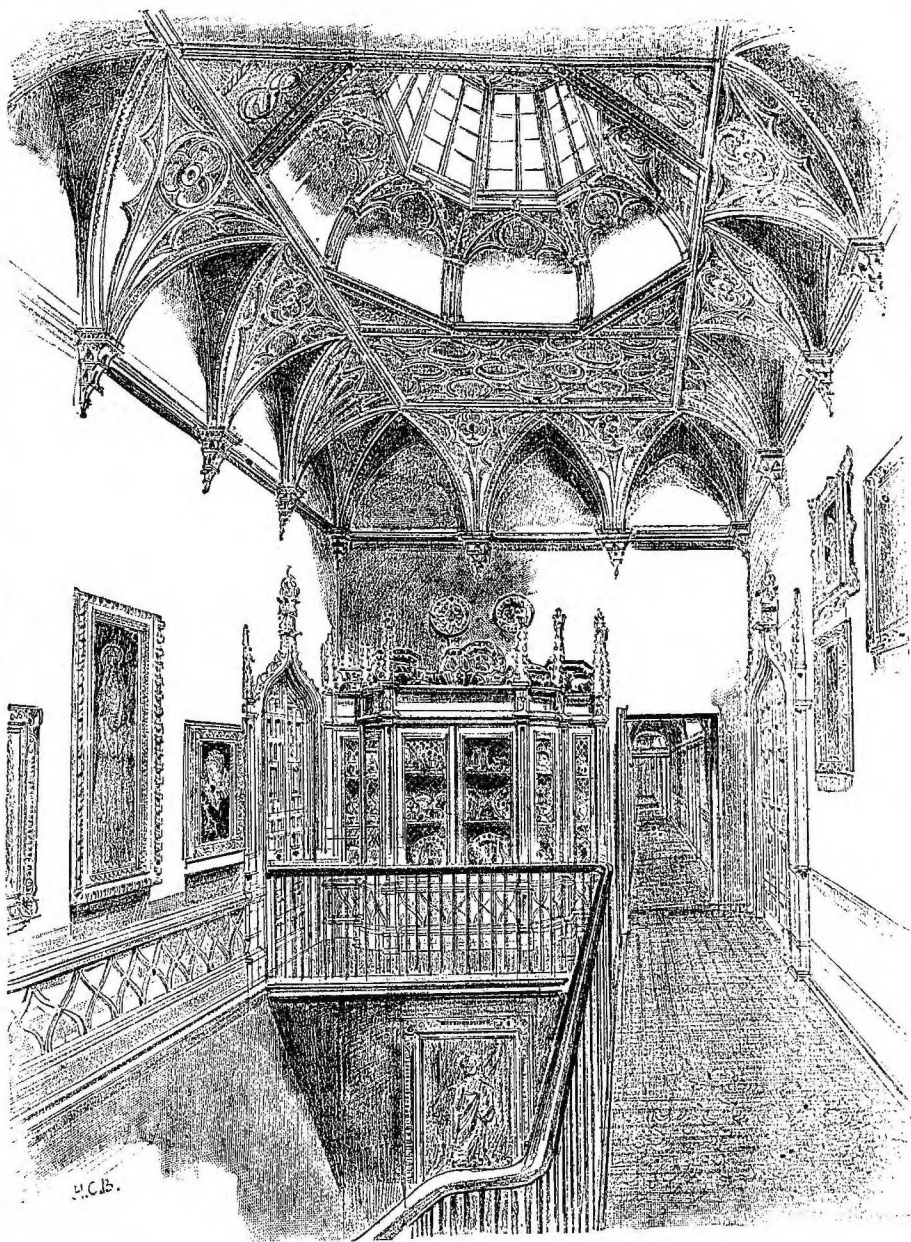
SOUTH LODGE AND ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL

1751, are over the mantel-piece. The style is late highly decorated Gothic, painted white. The delicate and richly panelled fan-tracery ceiling, with pendants, is singularly beautiful, and too lofty to be oppressive. On the wainscot are arranged the emblazoned coats of arms of the family and its alliances. The walls are crimson, very effective, and well suited to show up the numerous family portraits with which they are hung. Among the most interesting are the first Duke of Newcastle and his second wife Margaret Lucas, by Sir Peter Lely; William, the second Duke of Portland and his wife, by Hudson; Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Treasurer in the reign of Queen Anne, with the Succession Bill in his hand, who was afterwards impeached and sent to the Tower for intriguing to set the Pretender on the throne, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; the Prime Minister Duke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the Governor-General of India, by Lawrence; the Baroness Bolsover, by Sant, the late General Bentinck, her husband, by Richmond, and other celebrated members of the family.

A suite of four noble and elegant drawing-rooms occupy the whole east side of the old wing. The State drawing-room, with its lofty alcove ceiling and gold and white cornice-work, is the most magnificent of these. It is also called the Red Drawing Room, as its furniture, hangings, and carpet are in this colour. The tapestry is all the loveliest rose-coloured silk Coblentz, and is signed Nielson. Here is such a splendid collection of art-treasures, interesting relics, heirlooms, jewels, miniatures, cabinets, &c., as perhaps cannot be equalled in any other nobleman's residence. The walls are pale cream, and are hung entirely by Vandykes, prominent among them being Charles I. on horseback, with his selfish and tyrannical queen by his side; the Prince of Orange; Charles II. as a boy; Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, first patriot and then instigator of a tyranny, the ultra-despotism of which was marked by its name of "Thorough." That "dark gloomy countenance and heavy eye" indicate the man's inner mind. Close beside him hangs his equally zealous and dauntless coadjutor Archbishop Laud, and heaps of others.

Welbeck is famed for its miniatures, and there are in this room four cases of the most noted of them; two containing portraits of royalty, one of family portraits, the other of painters, literary and eminent characters. I must mention of these those of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, want of space alone forbids me naming more. Among the names of the artists are R. Cooper, P. Oliver, Zincke, C. Janse, Lens, Petitot, Netcher. The Gem Table is full of curious and lovely specimens of ancient jewellery, &c. The following Stuart relics from it are now in the Stuart Exhibition:—The earring, a single pearl, which Charles I. wore when he was beheaded. Accompanying this is the following note in the handwriting of Mary, Princess of Orange, "This pearl was taken out of ye King my grandfather's ear after he was beheaded, and given to the Princess Royall."

A ring worn at the wedding of the Princess Mary, accompanied by a note by the Princess detailing the circumstances connected with it, including loss of stone on Thursday, November 7th, 1689. The



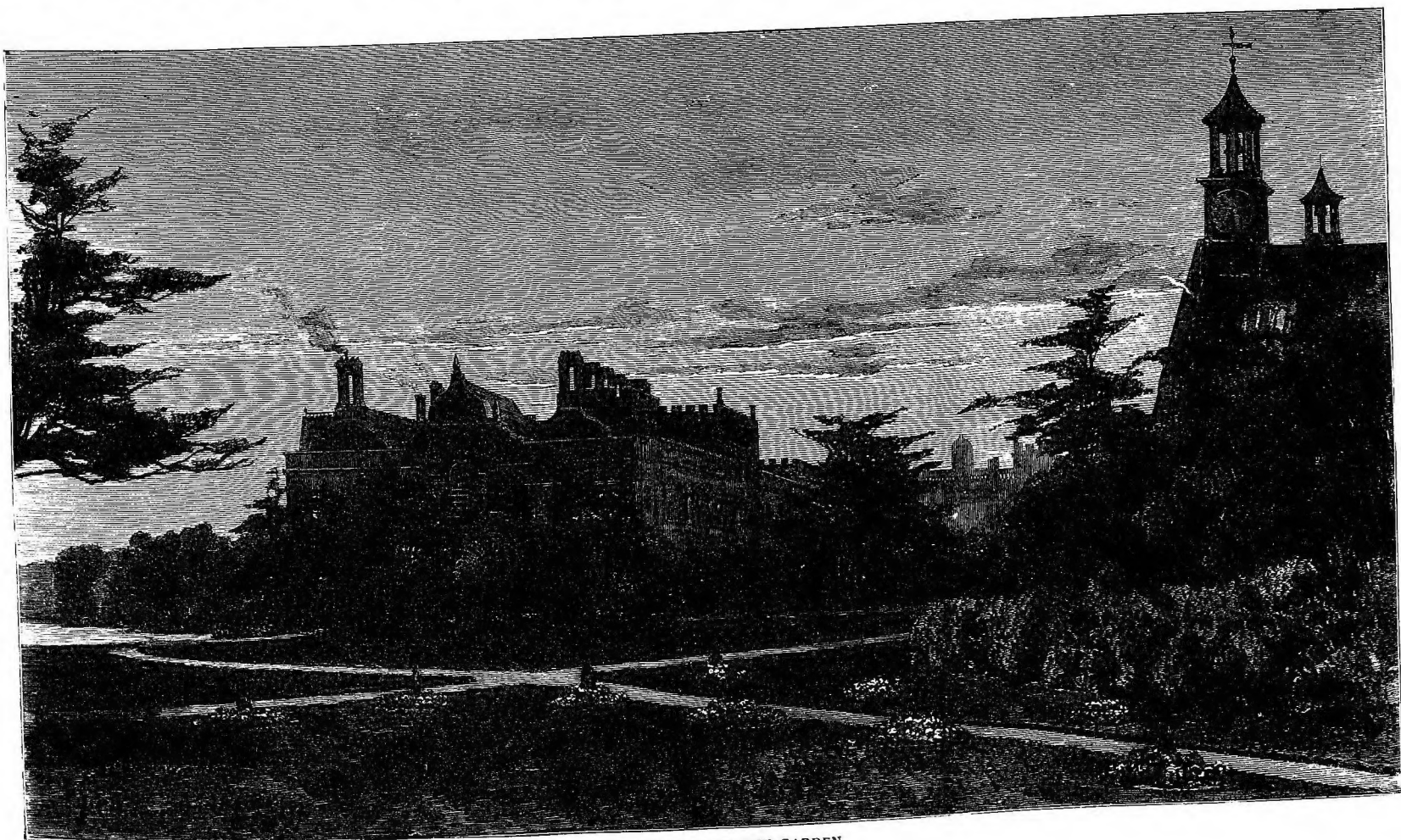
THE STAIRCASE, WEST GALLERY

rosary of Queen Henrietta Maria, said to be the rosary which the queen pawned for 3,000l. It consists of six plum and fifty cherry stones carved with minutely-worked subjects from Roman history and mythology.

The silver chalice from which King Charles I. received the Holy Communion before execution, with inscription to that effect, and with the arms of Sir Henry Hene of Wingfield, Co. Berks, engraved on it.

On the same table are Henry VIII.'s dagger, with embossed gold, richly jewelled hilt in sheath of same workmanship, and the emerald seal of Charles II. when Prince. There is an immense quantity of valuable china in every part of the house, that in this room is all of the finest Sevres. In other of these drawing-rooms there is a large collection of Dresden, Chelsea, old Worcester, Bow, old Derby; among it is a small tea-pot, the first piece of Dresden ever made.

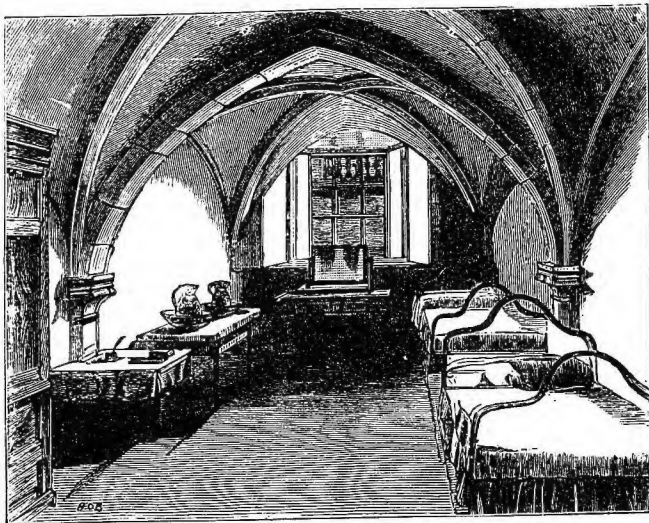
The furniture in the Music-Room is gold and yellow silk. It was Lord Palmerston's, and was bought by the late Duke at the sale at Cambridge House, where the great statesman and Lady Palmerston entertained for many years. The massive and very beautiful ormolu chandeliers in this and all the drawing-rooms were purchased at the same time. The principal paintings are "Christ



THE ABBEY FROM THE GARDEN

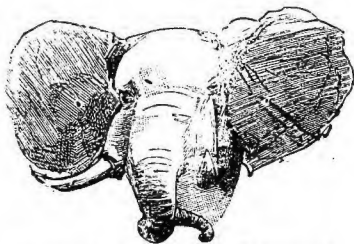


PORTER'S OAKS



THE CRYPT OF THE ANCIENT MONASTERY, 13TH CENTURY

Bearing the Cross," by Raphael; "A Holy Family," probably by the same; "Madonna and Child," by Vandyke; "St. Cecilia Playing the Organ" and "A Madonna," by Carlo Dolce; "Antoine de Lagra" and "A Mary Magdalene," by Titian; "St. John in the Wilderness," by Caracci; a series of four representing "Charity," by Franks; four by Brengel; "Lioness and Roebuck," by Rubens and Snyders; others by Becker, Claude, and Bassano.



HEAD OF AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT
Shot by the Duke of Portland's friend,
Colonel Vivian

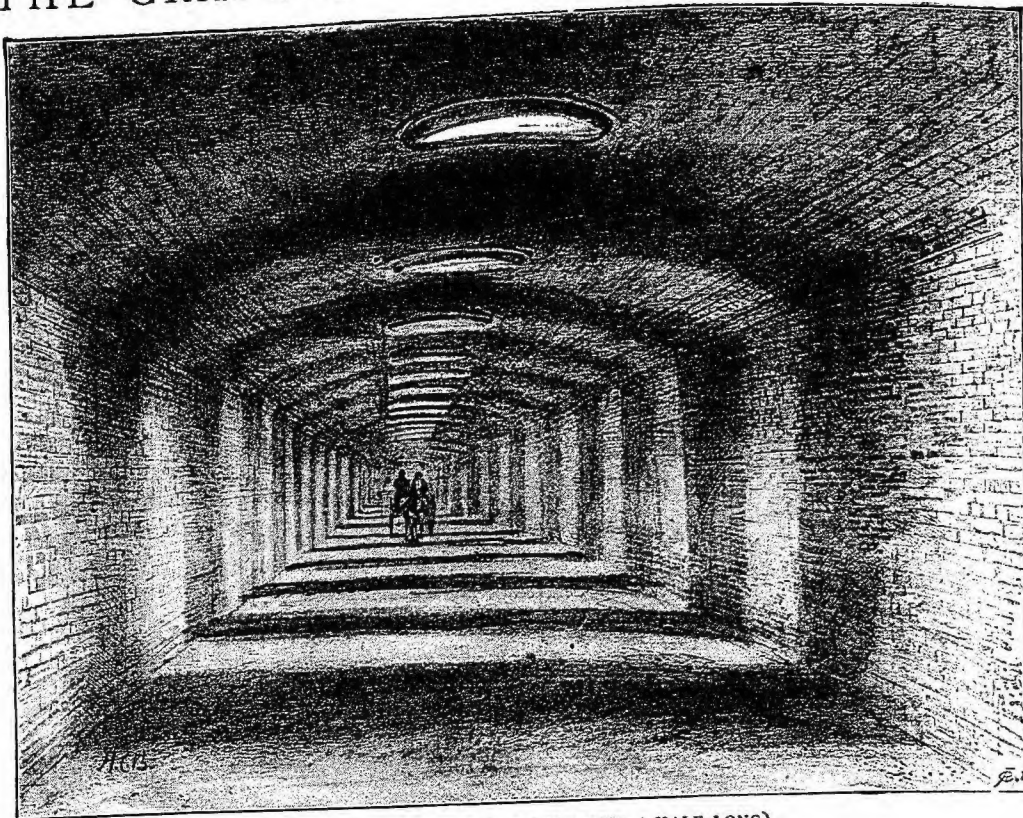
In the Swan Drawing-Room are portraits of Edward VI.; Queen Elizabeth, in the garden of Winstead Place, where she was entertained by

her favourite Earl in 1578; Elizabeth Cavendish, whose second husband, the Duke of Montagu, courted and married her as the Emperor of China, by Lely; the wonderful portrait of the First Napoleon, by Paul de la Roche. The dark, clever face has a melancholy expression, and the penetrating eyes seem to haunt and follow you everywhere. There are also a "Boy," laughing, by Murillo; a "Woman's Head," upturned in prayer, by Correggio; "Christ and St. John," by Passaro; "The Garden of Love," by Rubens; "The Tower of Babel," by Brengel; landscapes by Orizonti and Gaffier. Here are two more cases of lovely miniatures, including portraits of Marie Antoinette, Napoleon I., and the Empress Josephine.

A jewel case of exquisite lace-like brass-work, over crimson velvet, which belonged to Queen Mary II., is another highly-prized treasure in this room.

At length we arrive at the last of these rooms, known as the Blue Drawing-Room. Its walls are hung with blue satin damask. The furniture is chiefly in blue and drab plush and satin. One side of this room is adorned by a piece of scarce old English tapestry. The subject is a Continental harvest scene, full of life. The walls are covered with portraits by Vandyke and Gainsborough; poultry and birds by Houdekocher; dead game by Biltins; landscapes by Ruysdael and Poussin; a large painting of Antwerp and a river scene by Paul Brile; several small idyllic pieces by Van Orley.

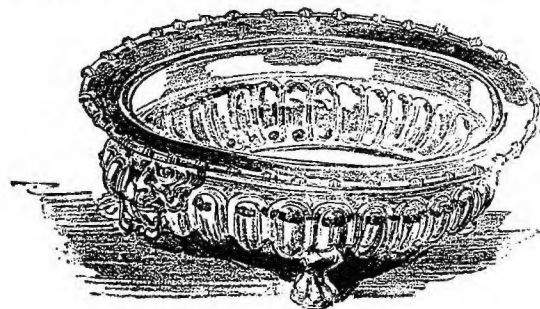
Passing now through the ante-room, in which we pause only to notice a gem of a small three-quarter-face of Mary Queen of Scots when Dauphine, probably by Pourbus, one of William III. given by him to the first Earl of Portland, and one of the Earl himself, we enter a snug little room facing west. Excepting those of the monastic basement, it is the oldest room in the house, untouched since it was built by Bess of Hardwick or her grandson, and with an air of



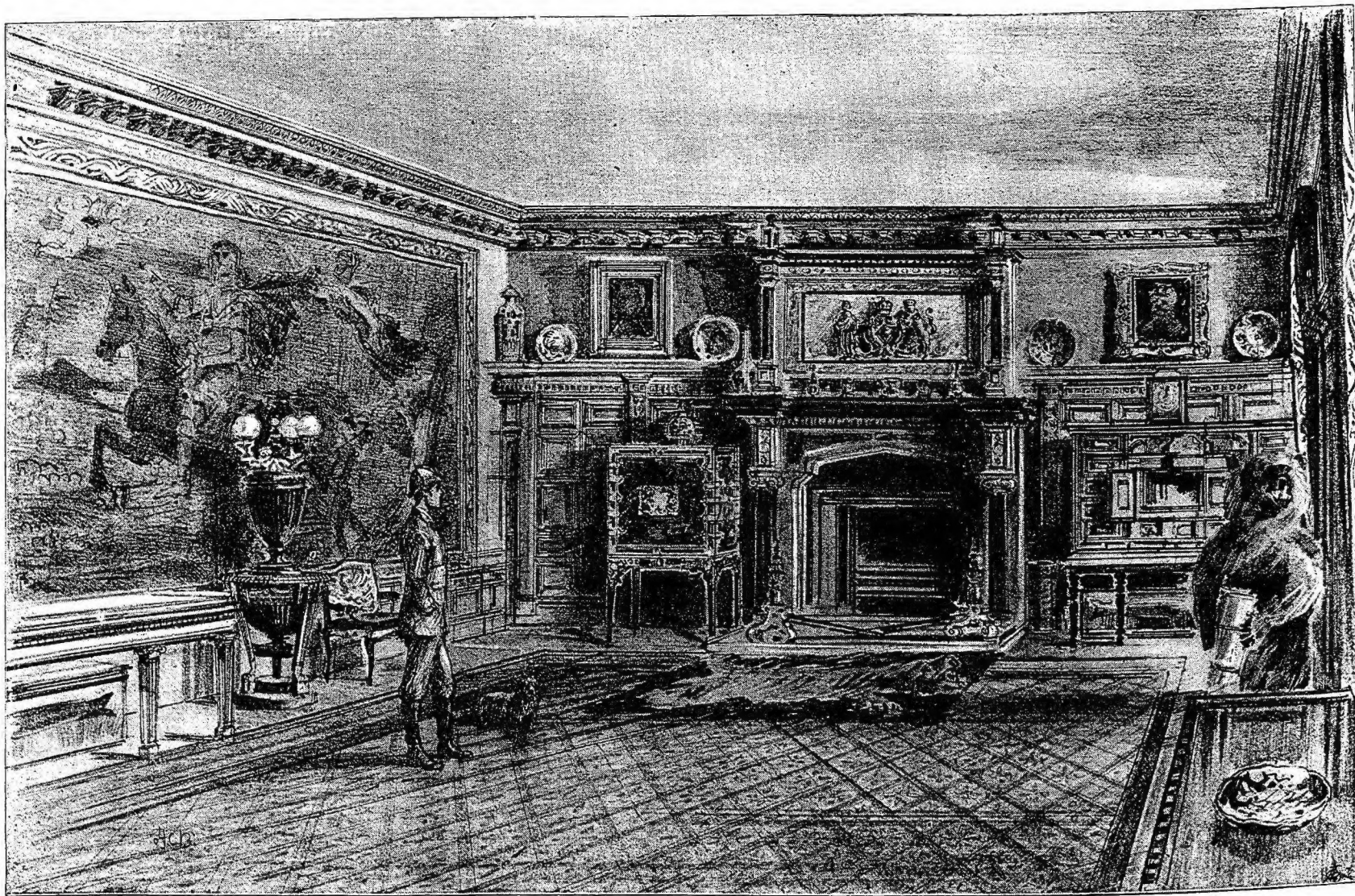
THE TUNNEL (NEARLY A MILE AND A-HALF LONG)

antiquity about it. It has a vaulted and groined roof, beautifully carved stone mantel-piece, is wainscoted with oak, and decorated with crests and badges of Cavendish and Ogle. Here the great soldier and horseman of the days of Charles I. wrote his celebrated work on Horsemanship, thought over the troubles of his time, and nerved himself to act the manly and patriotic part he did for his King and country.

We ramble from this wing through various corridors to the other side of the mansion—the Oxford wing, and find ourselves in Lady Bolsover's boudoir, which is situated at the south-east angle on the first story. It is a charming room, decorated in Louis XVI. style, and is a very picture of elegance and comfort. The walls, a light salmon, are panelled with rich gilt mouldings, in which hang



QUEEN ANN'S BATH
(1,160 Ounces of Silver)
This is really a Wine Cooler



THE FRONT HALL



FRAGMENT OF THE OLD MONASTERY,
12TH CENTURY



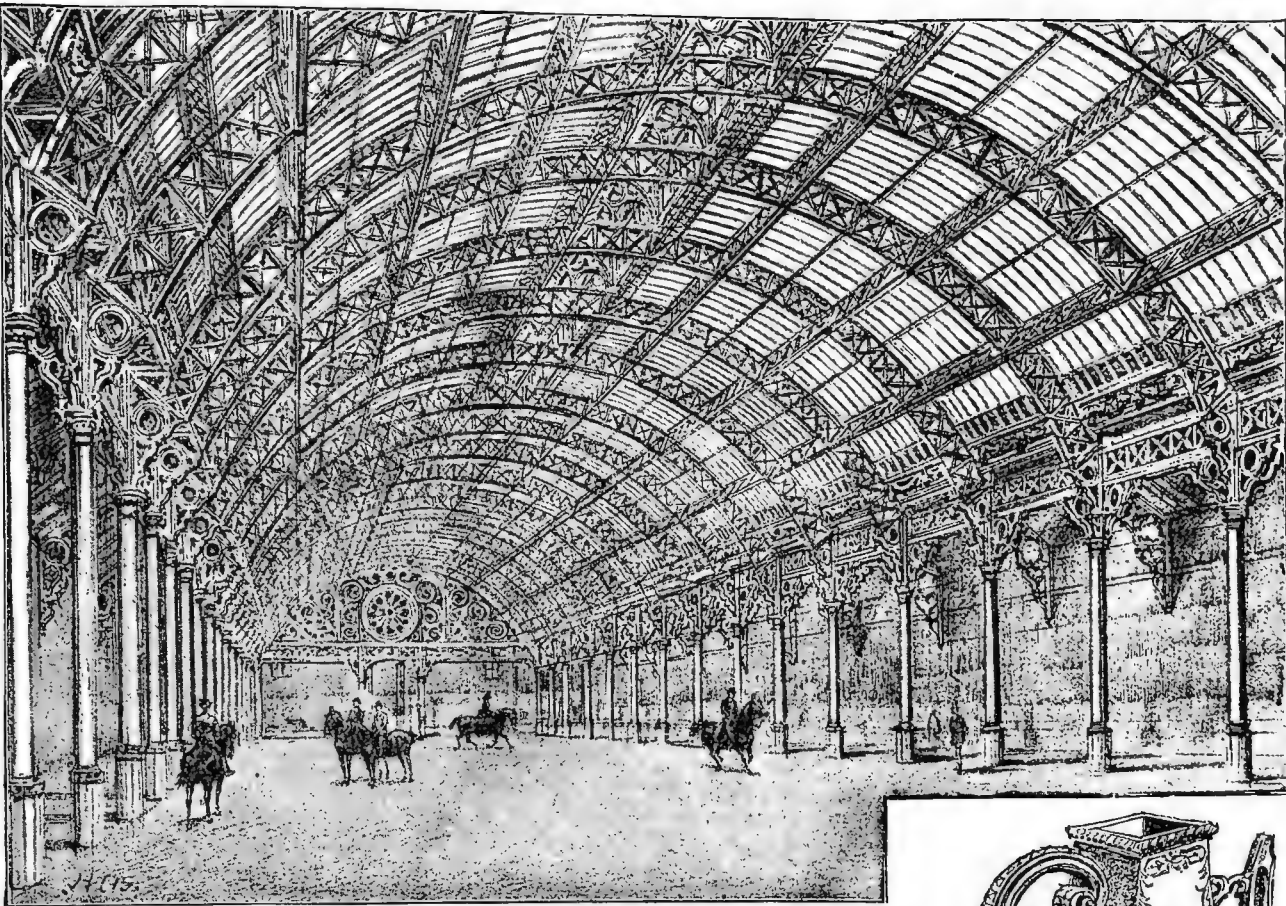
"KING CHARLES THE FIRST

Received the Communion in this chalice,
on Tuesday, the 30th January, 1649,
being the day in which he was mur-
dered.

valuable pictures by old masters, Holbein, Rubens, Wouvermans; four marvellous sea-pieces by Vandevelde; a landscape by Scalch; a study of a boy by Rembrandt; an old man by Titian, and others. The adjacent corridor and staircase (the main one of the house) are in themselves quite a gallery of Art, including works by Carl Jansen, Mignard, Largillier, Nattier, and an arrangement of Oriental china in a recess over a doorway is most artistic and pleasing.

Directly under Lady Bolsover's boudoir is the Duke's private sitting-room. The striking feature is its thorough business-like appearance, which immediately dispels the notion that the life of a Duke is free from toil and care. It contains many reminiscences of travels in India, Russia and elsewhere. The "Greendale Oak" cabinet is the most interesting piece of furniture. Its 18 panels are ornamented with inlaid representations of that famous tree from paintings by George Vertue, and bear the date 1727. We see on all sides favourites of the hunting-field and racecourse, and over the mantelpiece is the head of a monster elephant shot in the Soudan by his friend Colonel Vivian. A specimen of that uncanny creature the apteryx, the all but extinct wingless, featherless bird of New Zealand, beloved of Darwin as exemplifying his "missing links," and a sixty-eight pound male salmon, taken in Troon Harbour, would delight the naturalist.

The State Apartments, occupied by the Prince of Wales

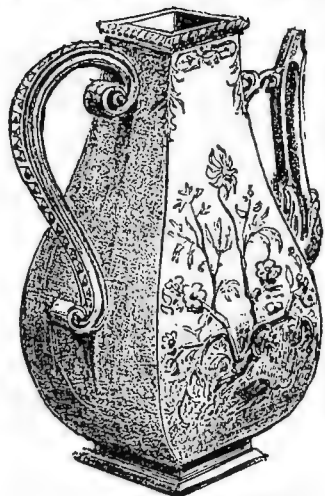


THE RIDING SCHOOL

when he visited Welbeck, lie at the south-west corner of the first story. The boudoir is in the same style and colour as Lady Bolsover's, with hangings of cream and crimson satin, and most of the furniture gold, upholstered with crimson plush and silk damask. Examples of female beauty in Madame de Maintenon and the Princess de Condé, by Largillier; Maria Josephine of Saxony, by Tocque; Madame la Valliere and Silvia, *actrice célèbre*, still ever from their canvas silently assert "the might—the majesty of loveliness."

One of the most curious of Welbeck cabinets is in this room. It is a masterpiece of Italian workmanship, ebony, inlaid in minutely-carved and engraved ivory, with maps and plans of the chief countries and cities of the globe, with heads of Sovereigns, dates of great historical events, well deserving to be called, as it is, a "perfect gazetteer of the world." In the dressing-room and bedroom (the bed stands in an alcove, the pillars and arches of which are richly and boldly carved and painted in white and gold) the hangings are creamy-white satin; the furniture gold and white, upholstered with rare old English needlework. The bed coverlet is an exquisite and costly piece of Indian embroidery, and over the head of the bed is a fine life-size portrait of the Princess of Wales.

I will now lead you to the "Underground Rooms"—patience! patience! with me, good reader. The way is from the Central Corridor by a subterranean, panelled, and gas-lit passage. The rooms are a suite of six; the first five opening one into the other by enormous mahogany folding doors in the centre. On one side runs a spacious corridor hung with pictures, and from which are side entrances; on the other, windows look out into a noble corridor roofed with glass. The first two rooms, until recently, formed the library. The third is now a



ONE OF FIRST CHINA TEAPOTS

MADE AT DRESDEN,

Presented by Aurora, Countess of Kinnegor,
mother of Marshal Saxe, to John, Earl of Stair



THE DRAWING ROOM



THE CRESWELL CRAGS

museum of stuffed birds, collected by the present Duke, and one of the largest and best collections of British birds in the kingdom. The fourth and fifth serve as concert and ball-rooms, for which, with their splendid oak floors and height, they are admirable. The dimensions of these five are respectively 43 ft. by 38 ft., 59 ft. by 43 ft., and the other three, each 59 ft. by 31 ft., and all 13 ft. high.

After these, we come to the wonder of Welbeck, the Picture Gallery, the largest, and, in every way, most magnificent private room in England. It is 159 ft. 2 in. long, 63 ft. 7 in. wide, and 22 ft. high. It is separated from the others by a cross passage, forming a sort of ante-room or lobby, and is entered on either side, down four steps, by a pair of massive mahogany doors. "All wonder," says Dr. Johnson, "is the effect of novelty upon ignorance," but, in spite of this imputation, all wonder on entering here.

Probably the first thing to arrest your attention will be the white, life-like marble bust of the *genius loci* himself, at the far end, by Pinker. A strikingly beautiful, finely-chiselled face it is. The walls of the vast saloon are covered with pictures from top to bottom, many by the most famous of old artists. There are Vandyke portraits of cavaliers in gold lace and embroidery, in robes of state, and coats of iron, and their grand ladies in those extraordinary and mysterious costumes which make the present generation wonder how human beings got into and out of them. We meet again our old friend the first Duke of Newcastle there, with his cheery and resolute face, surrounded by his wives and family, an interesting group—but "all dead, all buried, all forgotten."

These portraits of the dead have a strange fascination in their "eyes that glance like dreams on ours." A cloud of melancholy steals over one, something sad yet sweet, as he considers that they have all passed "the bourne whence no traveller returns." Ancestors and connections of the family, Cavendishes, Holles, Harleys, De Veres, Perpoyns, Howards, and indeed representatives of all the noblest families in England, surround the visitor, and help him to realise his insignificance. One picture interesting to us is that of the heiress, Miss Margaret Cavendish Harley, as a young girl in a white satin dress—long-waisted, in three-cornered hat, and wand in hand, feeding a pet lamb, and accompanied by her favourite spaniel; but so prim, she looks an only child. Her father and mother, the second Earl and Countess of Oxford, are near, guarding her—two people of very different tastes: one fond of his curious old manuscripts and rare vellum books, the other, a stylish woman, fond of horses and hawking and hunting. Her favourite cream-coloured mare is beside her, on which, in two or three pictures, she is repre-

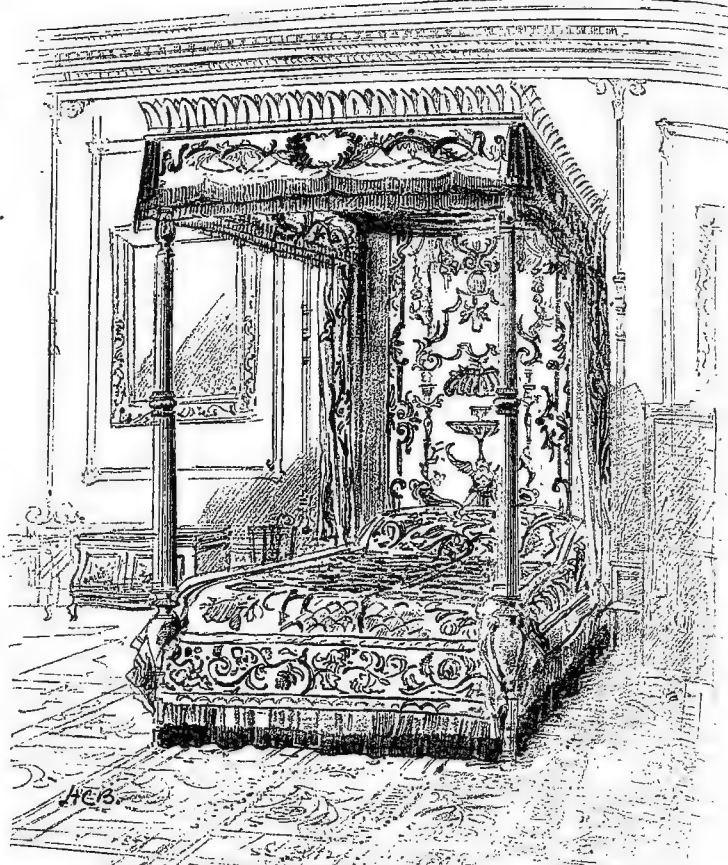
sented at the head of the chase. There are several large pictures of the Battle of the Boyne, many fine hunting pieces by Snyders, landscapes by Barret, among them four of Welbeck, portraits by Reynolds and Lely, a few of Rubens, and other great masters.

The Gallery itself beats description. Its walls are a pleasing salmon-tint, with a marvellous-moulded cornice a yard deep of foliage, fruit, and flowers. The ceiling is of geometrical design, and one mass of inimitable moulded ornamentation. It is flat, and spanned by eight hollow wrought iron beams, weighing over twenty tons each. It is pierced by twenty-seven large octagonal skylights in three rows, and recessed. These give a perfect light. At night it is illuminated by eighteen lovely glass chandeliers, which sparkle like brilliants. In these subterranean palaces we can hardly persuade ourselves we are not in fairy-land or some fabulous halls of "unsubstantial fabric."

We will now emerge from the underground regions up through a magically-moved trap-door into what, in days gone by, was the first Duke of Newcastle's Riding House. This room was then 120 feet long, with six windows, a tan floor, and wooden roof. Lady Oxford had the walls battlemented and the wooden roof removed; but the late Duke transformed it utterly, lengthening it to 182 feet, and opening out the thirty windows on the south side. A deep plate-glass mirror, with richly-cut mouldings top and bottom, runs all round. Four massive cut-glass chandeliers, weighing over a ton each, hang from the central hammer-beams of the roof—and there were till quite recently thirty-two smaller ones—making the roof one glittering mass. On the side-walls sixty-four cut-glass branching bracket-lights spring from mirrors. The ceiling, an Italian sky in oils, on canvas, is considered very fine. The entrance portico is surmounted by an exquisite canopy of sparkling crystals with festoons of crystals from crystal pillars tipped with stars. The entrance-doors are two mirrors, which, with a little adjusting, form a pair of reciprocal reflectors.

Description can give no idea of the magnificence of the place. It must have been intended for a ball-room or banquet-house for the nation. However, the present Duke and the Baroness Bolsover at once made an excellent and very different use of it, having had the west end cut off by crimson curtains and fitted up as the Chapel. The rest they formed into the Library, which contains many old and valuable books. Behind the Communion-table is a drapery of crimson cloth, and upon it hangs Sir J. Reynolds's famous picture, "The Angel, Contemplation," which he painted to serve as the copy for a window in New College Chapel, Oxford, and afterwards gave to the Duchess of Portland. Four other of his pictures hang on the walls.

Let us now stroll through the "Pleasure Grounds," which are very extensive and beautiful, stretching from the east front of the Abbey, down green, velvety terraces, to the margin of the lake, and far along it northwards. Fine cedars, cypresses, acacias, copper beeches,



BED WITH ITALIAN HANGINGS, 16TH CENTURY

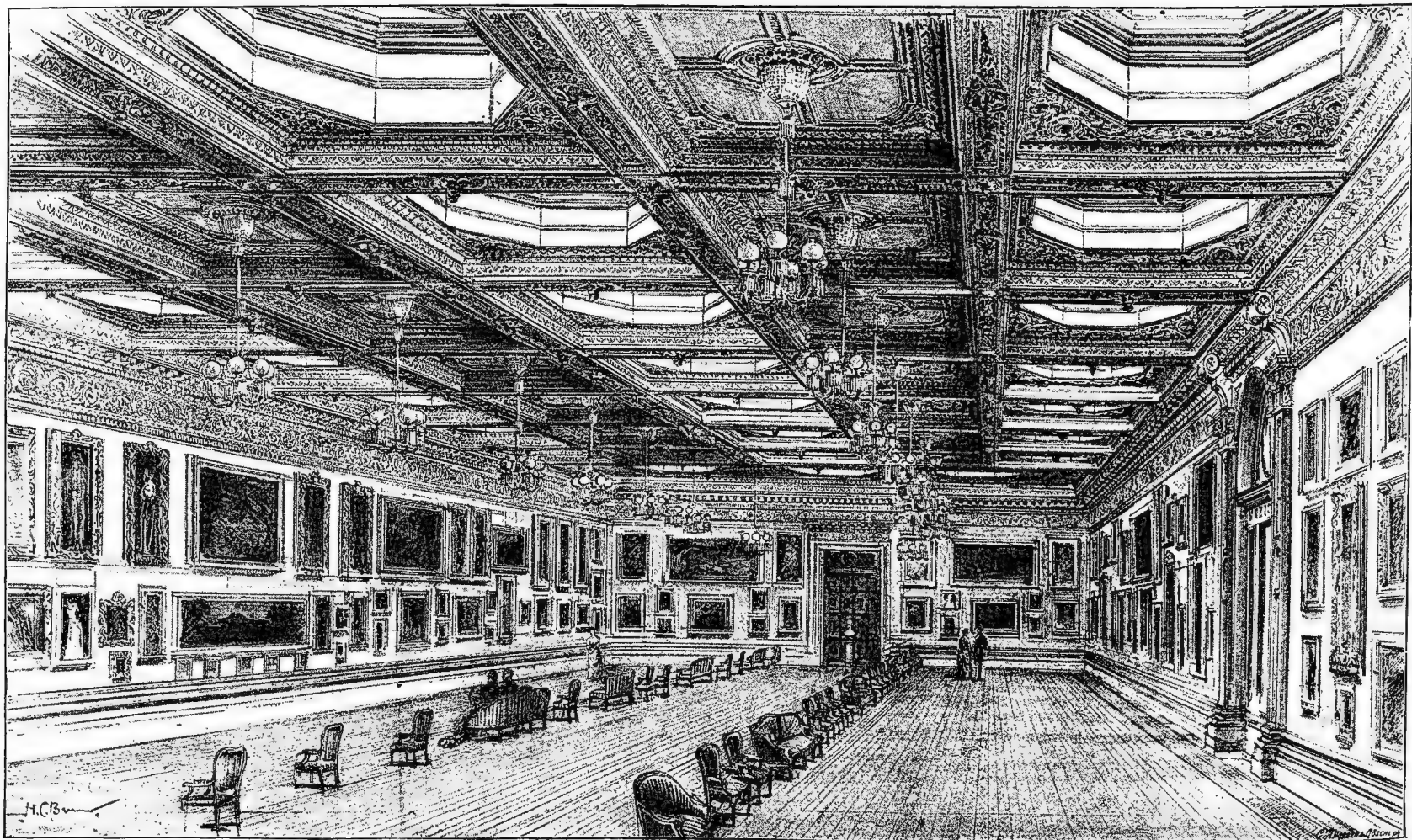
limes, chestnuts, mountain ash are clumped and dotted here and there—all transplanted hither in the last few years of the late Duke's life. Macbeth would have had less faith in the witch's divination had he known of all the ways in which

Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill
Might come against him.

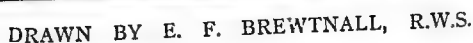
They were brought from all parts at immense cost, but hardly suffered from their journeys. The rich variety of foliage is most striking, the dark emerald-green of the cedars, so solemn and motionless, contrasting beautifully with the glaucous green of the graceful, fern-like acacias and deciduous cypresses, moved by every soft breeze. I do not wonder that the old Hebrews invested the cedar—that grandest tree of the pine tribe—with peculiar sacredness, and called it *par excellence* the "tree of the Lord." Along the walks, and scattered here and there, gay flower-beds of every device vary the bright verdure of the lawns. In one part winds a broad rhododendron walk 200 yards long, with sloping embankments fifteen yards high, crowned with cedars and cypresses. Just across the lake stands an ornamental rustic boathouse; and up beyond sweeps the White Deer-Park, dotted with its snowy herd—one of the few and the largest of white deer in England. Want of space forbids me mentioning the Rosary, Palm-House, and large sunk gardens 130 yards square.

Wending our way through the Palm-House and Rosary we reach the south lodge and entrance to the tunnel, the most extraordinary of the Duke's underground constructions. It is a wide carriage road a mile and a half long, from Welbeck to the boundary of the estate towards Worksop. It is lighted by day by round glass bull's-eyes in the roof, and at night by gas.

(Continued on page 667)



THE UNDERGROUND PICTURE GALLERY



“THE TENTS OF SHEM”

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

TO ALGIERS.

Eustace had before this recovered his European clothes by special messenger from the tent at Beni-Merzoug, and sat by her side, an Englishman once more, in his wonted garb, smiling and contented. The train moved off at last from the platform to Meriem's inward-discomfiture, with a loud shriek of the discordant whistle, and soon the inexperienced mountain maiden found herself rushing at what seemed to her a wildly impossible pace (though Eustace declared it was but the usual slow Algerian travelling) down the long inclines that lead from the Djurjura to the plains on whose edge stands the town of Algiers, in gleaming glory. Meriem was very, very happy. It never occurred to her to think, in her perfect innocence, how odd a sight it seemed to her fellow-travellers to see an English gentleman thus familiarly conversing with a simple Kabyle girl in *haik* and burnouse. To her, it was merely herself and Eustace. The conventionalities had not yet begun to exist for her. So she rolled along the smooth line in strange content, glad in her heart to think she was going away with Eustace, and leaving those terrible scenes of war for ever behind her.

As their faces met, Iris's heart beat hard in suspense. But Meriem, drawing her English kinswoman aside, while Uncle Tom was hurrying Mrs. Knyvett into her place in the train, half-whispered in her ear with a smile of delight, "We shall soon be cousins, you know, Vernon and I; for as soon as you hear what I have to tell you, I'm sure, Iris, you won't any longer refuse to marry him."

"*En voiture, mesdames!*" sang out the shrill-voiced driver, and, with a hurried return, they were soon on their road again for Algiers—and Harold.

How they chatted and laughed, in spite of all their past terrors, on that merry journey; Meriem full of the double delight of her own new-found love, and of making Iris happy; Iris, notwithstanding her wonderment and surprise, yet vaguely conscious in her silent joy that for some mysterious reason Meriem was cheerfully and willingly yielding Vernon Blake up to her. How they exchanged the terrible stories of their respective perils in the minutest detail! How Iris described the horrors of the night attack till Meriem was heartily ashamed to herself of those creatures who had once been her fellow-countrymen. How Meriem, in turn, dwelt upon the wild terrors of that appalling machine which civilisation had sent, with its fiery steed, to startle and alarm her native mountains. They uted and thrilled with their mutual confessions. But at

"It horrifies me, too, to hear of them," Meriem replied, simply. "But our people think it right. They *must* be mistaken Then, with a sudden burst, "Oh, Iris, Iris, I'm ashamed to think I ever belonged to them! I almost wish . . . it may be very wrong but I somehow almost wish I was like you—a Christian!"

"Why, what else on earth could she possibly be brought up, mother dear?" Iris answered, with a gentle warning look. This was surely not the best way conceivable to still poor Meriem's still surviving prejudices.

"I never met any infidels at all before I met Eustace and Vernon, you see, Iris," Meriem went on, reflectively. "Till then, of course, I'd only heard harm and evil speaking about infidels. Some people said Yusuf was an infidel at heart himself till the day of his death, and that that was why he went down sometimes to St. Cloud to see the Père Baba; but I used to be very angry with them when they told me that, naturally, because I thought in those days that all Christians must be very, very, very wicked. And now, since I've seen how Christians behave and how our people behave, I'm beginning to think—I'm not quite sure whether it's sinful or not—but I'm beginning to think. . . . I wish I was a Christian like you, Iris."

Iris's eyes dropped timidly to the ground. "I'm afraid it's not often," she answered, humbly, "we Christians commend ourselves; among people who do not belong to our religion in that way, Meriem. I wish we did so a great deal better. But I suppose you won't live among Kabyles any more, now your uncle's gone. You'll come and live with us over in England, of course; and then you'll soon learn to think and feel as we do."

"I'd never live among people like those again," Meriem cried, energetically—"no, not if I was to be killed for it. I'd never live among people who believe in Jehads, and try to shoot others (men,

women, and children) for no excuse or cause. Why, it's horrible to think of. It's worse than the French who fought against our people, though Yusuf always said they were wicked than anybody. I'm glad you're all English, and not French. I suppose that's because I'm Yusuf's daughter. And as to the infidels, why, I suppose, of course, I shall be a Christian myself, too, when"—she checked herself suddenly, with a rich, red blush. She had nearly blurted out in her haste and vehemence, "when I'm married to Eustace." But, frank as she was, she couldn't quite tell her whole heart's secret so openly as that before the face of Vernon and Uncle Tom and Mrs. Knyvett.

"When you get to England," Iris suggested, quietly finishing off the broken sentence for her in a non-committing fashion. For Iris, too, had observed how her eyes fell upon Eustace, half unconsciously, as she spoke, and began now to spell out for herself the solution of this singular mystery.

"When I get to England," Meriem answered, catching gladly at the proffered means of escape. "I don't know how it is, Iris, but I somehow feel sure I shall like England. I've felt more at home, more sympathetic, I think you call it, with all you English than I ever felt with anybody at all at Beni-Merzoug. I used to think at first, when Vernon and Eustace were newly come, it was only because you were Yusuf's people, and I was prepared to like you for Yusuf's sake, as Yusuf's fellow-countrymen. But the more I've seen and known of you all, the more I've found out that that was a mistake. I'm nearer to all of you than I ever could be to anybody else; I like you and sympathise with you, not only because you're Yusuf's people, but because you're my people—my own people—as well—my neighbours, my kinsmen, my like in nature. One day Vernon repeated me a bit of an English song—about a bird, a skylark, you know—and that day I remember it came home to me suddenly that I felt all that quite differently from the way I could ever feel anything in the Kabyle verses. Ours are all verses about such common things—the olive-harvest, and the corn, and fighting, and wife-buying. But this was a song about how a bird went up singing and rejoicing in the air—such a beautiful song—and I remember a bit of it, a bit that said—

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

I thought that was lovely—as much as I understood of it—and thought, too, no Kabyle that ever lived could possibly have made I song like that; so I thought, at the same time, I must be a good deal English after all myself, or it wouldn't seem so much more beautiful than any of our silly little Kabyle verses."

Not even Uncle Tom could refrain from joining in the hearty laugh that greeted this candid outburst of native simplicity. The idea that any Kabyle poetry could possibly come into competition with Shelley's "Skylark" was too utterly grotesque for the most prosaic intelligence, the Probate and Divorce Division itself included. They all laughed, but they all laughed with very different undercurrents of inner emotion.

Iris, half-piqued at the idea that her painter should have repeated those exquisite lines to any other woman, yet couldn't help feeling at the same time how infinitely Vernon must realise her own superiority to poor barefooted Meriem. She, with her cultivated European mind, to be jealous of that ignorant, uncultured Kabyle girl! It would be really and truly quite too ridiculous.

Vernon, half-ashamed Meriem should thus innocently rake up his past evil deeds against him, yet couldn't help feeling that Iris must see how utterly he would be thrown away upon such a girl as Meriem. To waste himself on her, with his poetical nature, when a Third Classic had confessed her love for him, would, indeed, be little short of simple wickedness.

And Eustace, delighted with Meriem's perfect candour, thought to himself with admiration how profound was the nature of that wild mountain girl, who could see for herself on a first glance the wide gulf that separated such a poet as Shelley from her own fellow-countrymen, and could pick out instinctively from his most exquisite poem the deepest and most essentially central stanza. Whither might not such a soul as that attain, in fitting surroundings for its free development, and with congenial companionship to guide and direct it!

What a wonderful passion is love to warp and bias our calmer judgment! How clearly it lets us see one side of a question, and how perfectly contented it makes us, not only with the person on whom it fixes its oblique glance, but with ourselves into the bargain, seen by the reflected light of that other person's profound admiration!

So they journeyed on merrily together to Algiers, each in a very good humour with himself, and unheeding of the thunderbolt that Harold Knyvett held in readiness to let loose upon them as soon as they got there.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CHECK!

AT Algiers station Uncle Tom recovered such fragments of luggage as still remained to them (for most of their wardrobe had been destroyed at St. Cloud, so that they were sorely in need of a rapid return to their base of supplies at Sidi Aia), while Iris seized the opportunity to charter a special *fiacre* of her own (with a picturesque turbaned Arab driver) to mount the Mustapha Hill in quiet conference alone with Meriem. The others could all go in the big carriage, she said; her own carriage; Uncle Tom, and mother, and Mr. Blake, and Mr. Le Marchant; but they two girls would drive up in solitary grandeur in a hired cab; for to say the truth, the Third Classic, for all the world like any common boarding-school miss, was burning with the desire to have a good *tête-à-tête* for half an hour with her Kabyle cousin. Uncle Tom objected that this course of action would look very odd; the young woman hadn't even got stockings to her feet! but Iris, of course, promptly overruled his futile objection; and as Eustace Le Marchant put in a word, too, on the same side, Uncle Tom, overjoyed, at least, at the chance of separating the heiress from that dangerous fortune-hunter for half an hour, consented to connive at the improper arrangement.

"We must keep her well away from that sneaking naturalist fellow, Amelia," he whispered in his sister's ear in strict confidence. "It's a jolly lucky thing it was the painter, poor creature, who was up with us at St. Cloud the night of the fight—he's an innocent boy, that, and as shy as girls used to be when you and I were young; but if it had been the other one, why, I'll bet you a sovereign he'd have proposed to her outright on the strength of having got a slight graze on his shoulder in the little brush with those brutes of Kabyles."

Uncle Tom was inordinately proud of his own part in that little brush, and therefore, of course, always gracefully spoke of it, after the fashion of our kind, with becoming disparagement.

"Now, you must tell me all about it, Meriem," Iris said at once, as soon as they were seated side by side inconspicuously in that convenient *fiacre*, and out of earshot, on their way up to Mustapha. "You know you're to be my guest at Sidi Aia, of course; and before I get there I've a particular reason for wanting to know exactly how you stand with—Mr. Blake and Mr. Le Marchant."

Meriem smiled a curiously contented and suppressed smile at the patronising way in which Iris comported herself as the mistress of Sidi Aia; but she went on, nevertheless, with all young love's first gushing readiness, to pour out her story, her strange, strange, story, into the sympathetic ears of a female confidante. She told the

whole tale with that unvarnished frankness which in Meriem resulted as a joint product of Kabyle simplicity, and the straightforward inherited Knyvett nature. She suppressed nothing; she apologised for nothing; she softened down nothing; not even how she said, "What ever made me think so much of Vernon!" Iris smiled at little satisfied smile of conscious superiority when Meriem said in her simple way, "It burst upon me all like a flash of lightning, you know, Iris; I thought to myself, with a sudden revulsion, 'Great heavens, what have I done? Have I risked his life—Eustace's life—for such a man as Vernon? He's worth a thousand times as much as Vernon Blake! And he loves me as Vernon could never love any one.'"

At that Iris's brow clouded over a little for half a second. She hardly knew if she ought to sit still and listen to such sacrilege as those words of Meriem's. Her Vernon! her painter! her poet! her king of men! This Kabyle girl dare so lightly to reckon him up with her own small reckoning! What presumption! What up with her own small reckoning! But at any audacity! What foolhardy self-confidence! Free to marry that man she rate she was free to marry Vernon now! Free to marry that man she so loved! For that, she could forgive a great deal to Meriem!

And when Meriem ended at last, with her transparent guilelessness—"So then, Iris, he just drew me down to his sofa and kissed me, and I laid my head, so, on his shoulder and cried, and was, oh, me, so happy, so unspeakably happy!"—the mollified Girton girl felt half inclined, there in the open road, on the Mustapha hill, to fling her arms around her newly-found cousin's neck, and kiss the barefooted Kabyle maiden then and there before the eyes of wondering passers by, Arab or European. Love is so very much alike at bottom, after all, in all of us!

"And now, Iris," Meriem cried, in conclusion, holding her cousin's gloved hand tight in her own bare gloveless fingers, "I want you and Vernon to be married to one another, and to be rich and happy, and to live as you like at Sidi Aia."

"But you must have some of my money, too," Iris exclaimed, with effusion, regardless of Uncle Tom's oft-iterated advice. "You must let me share it with you—not, half, perhaps, but as much as Uncle Tom thinks right and proper."

Meriem smiled a reticent smile—that curious smile that Iris had noticed so often this morning.

"I'll take some of Sir Arthur's money, if you wish it," she answered, sedately, not like one who accepts a favour, but with a certain grand reserve which struck Iris at once, as did also the altered phrase, "Sir Arthur's money." "But Eustace and your uncle will settle all that between them, I dare say. Of course, I don't understand such things as these. Whatever you arrange, Eustace and I will be well satisfied."

They turned round the corner at the Colonne Voirol—Meriem all aghast, internally, as she went along the road at the grandeur and magnificence of the great white Moorish villas that studded the hillside after the narrow streets and rough stone huts of her native mountains—and swept at last into the broad drive of a final white villa, more stately and magnificent and imposing than any of them. Meriem's heart rose up in her mouth at once at the sight. So this was Sidi Aia! This was Yusuf's inheritance! This was the palace that might once have been hers! But, like Caractacus at Rome, she envied it not. She was glad it had gone to Vernon and Iris.

What had she to do with grand villas like these? With Eustace by her side, she could be happy anywhere.

The carriage had passed them on the slope of the hill, and arrived at the door half a moment earlier. Vernon Blake was there already, waiting to give the heiress his hand as she alighted from the *fiacre* at her own proud porch. She took it tenderly, with a faint pressure. He half-guessed what that meant as he mounted the steps gaily by her side into the first outer court, with its marble fountain, its floor of painted tiles, its palms and orange trees, its luxuriant basin of waving water-weeds. His painter's eye looked round with delight on that perfect specimen of old Moorish architecture. Nothing more beautiful had he seen in Africa. The exquisite arcade, the long line of pillars, the glorious display of antique tiles, the depth of shadow in the recess of the doorway, all charmed and intoxicated his artistic instinct. It was a pure delight to Iris thus to show off her own domain in all its beauty to the man whom she now looked upon as its unconscious but predestined future possessor. "It's lovely, Mr. Blake," she said, turning round to him with a smile of quiet pride; "very lovely, isn't it?"

And Vernon Blake, gazing about with a sigh, ejaculated fervidly, "It's more than lovely. It's a painter's dream. Anything so exquisite I hardly thought existed in solid stone on this poor little planet of ours. How proud you must be . . . Miss Knyvett . . . to be its possessor!"

Iris's eye had an unwonted twinkle in it. "Do you remember the Lord of Burleigh?" she said, looking up at him with an audacious smile. The Girton boldness was surely breaking out at last in the girl. "Well, what Meriem has told me on the way up this morning has made me myself into a sort of inverted topsy-turvy Lady of Burleigh." She took his hand once more, before Uncle Tom's very eyes, and led him with wondering feet into the broad white court. "Proudly turned she round and kindly," she quoted low, with a change in the gender alone: "All of this is thine and mine!"

"You mean it, Iris?" he cried, with blinded eyes.

"I mean it," she answered, simply, in a whispered voice. "And I am yours, too; I, too, am yours, for ever, Vernon."

As she spoke, Uncle Tom, who was following them close, drew back suddenly with a startled cry of surprise and indignation. "God bless my soul!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "What the devil is that lifted doing here, I wonder?"

Iris lifted up her eyes at these unexpected words, and looked in the direction where Uncle Tom was indignantly waving his heavy red hand. There, on the top step of the short flight of stairs that led from the outer to the inner court, stood Harold Knyvett, bowing and smiling, with arms outspread on either side of him, in an attitude of profuse and generous hospitality.

His fingers didn't tremble or his mouth twitch now. He had schooled himself by violent efforts for some days before to bear the shock of that supreme interview. Not a feature but was under complete control. His face was calm, with a sweet smile of conscious triumph. But he was bland and benignant too, with a rose in his buttonhole; for he meant to win Iris as well as the property. He stood there waving them in like a great proprietor with a lordly sweep of his delicate white hand; come one, come all, they should taste his fare in his newly-acquired home with princely munificence.

"Why, goodness gracious, there's Harold!" Mrs. Knyvett exclaimed, with a benign nod of the condescending feature. "How kind of him, really! But he's always so nice. He's run across to Algiers to bring me my bronchitis kettle!"

As for Iris, she looked up at that complacent figure in a vague dismay. Meriem, too absorbed in other affairs, had forgotten to tell her of the bad man's presence at a villa at Mustapha. She hardly knew in her confusion what to make of the scene; when suddenly Harold enlightened her at a bound by coming down a step or two with a polite bow, and exclaiming point-blank at her in his courtliest voice, "Good morning, Iris; how d'ye do, Aunt Amelia; I'm delighted, I'm sure, to welcome you both—and Mr. Whitmarsh too—as my guests in my home at Sidi Aia!"

Iris shrank back with a shudder of dismay. His home at Sidi Aia! Was the earth going to fail beneath her feet? What a bomb-shell! What a thunderbolt!

(To be continued)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Twelve performances given in a fortnight have necessarily taxed even the great resources of Covent Garden. The representations have, nevertheless, been for the most part above the average. *Figaro* on Wednesday, last week, would, it is true, have been all the better for a little extra rehearsal, although Señor F. d'Andrade deserves praise for the very careful reading which he gave to the part of the Count, at only two days' notice. Signor Cotogni was the Figaro, and the three attractive female parts could hardly have been in better hands than those of Madame Albani, Miss Van Zandt, and Miss Ella Russell. Miss Russell, particularly, appeared at her best in the rôle of the coquettish Susanna.

Rigoletto, on Thursday, was more or less a disappointment. M. Lassalle had not even learnt the Italian text. He sang the part of the Jester throughout in French, the rest of the troupe using the Italian tongue. Polyzot opera of this sort is not commendable. Madame Melba was the Gilda, but she will probably appear to better advantage as Juliette in Gounod's opera, which is announced for production in French this (Saturday) evening.

Faust, on Friday, was given with a familiar cast. Its best feature was the Mephistopheles of M. Edouard de Reszké, which, if it had a little more of the grim humour that M. Faure used to impart to it, would be his finest impersonation. Madame Nordica was the Marguerite, and M. Lassalle gave a highly dramatic rendering of the death scene of Valentine.

The largest audience of the week was drawn by *Lohengrin* on Saturday, when, except as to Telramund, which was played by M. Seguin, a *débutant* of promise, Wagner's opera was cast in as strong a manner as the present Covent Garden troupe was capable. Madame Albani's embodiment of the part of Elsa is well known. More dramatic and emotional than the ideal Elsa should be, it is nevertheless striking alike from a vocal and a histrionic point of view. Madame Albani was less demonstrative than usual, and the change was a decided improvement. Madame Fürsch-Madi repeated her admirable creation of Ortrud, the fine voice of M. Edouard de Reszké told well in the music of the King, and M. Jean de Reszké gave a remarkably finished impersonation of the hero whose music Wagner himself at one time despaired of ever hearing properly sung. The popular Polish tenor was suffering from a wound in the arm, a slight operation having been performed upon him for threatened blood poisoning, caused by the sting of an insect.

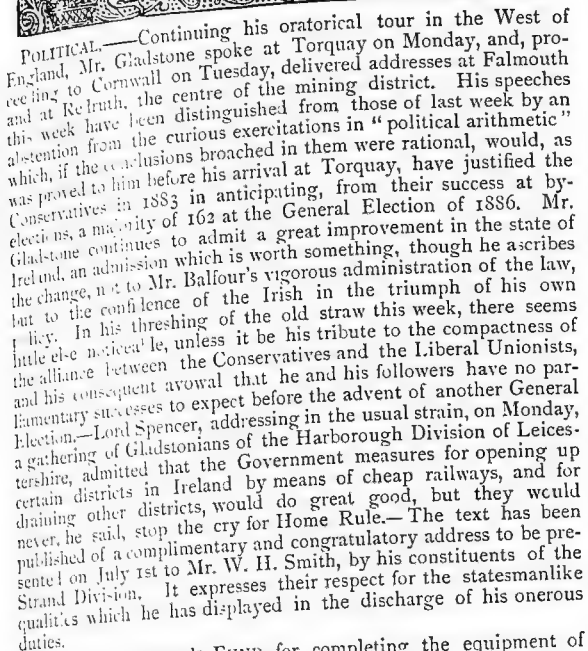
On Monday *Aida* was announced, but M. Jean de Reszké was replaced by Señor A. d'Andrade. On Tuesday *Guillaume Tell* was mounted for the *début* of Mdle. Lita, a Roumanian soprano, with a capital voice, but an inexperienced style. M. Lestellier was not a strong Arnold; and, in the absence of M. Lassalle, the part of Tell was undertaken by M. Seguin, who sang in French.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Mapleson was last week satisfied with a revival of two such familiar operas as *Sonnambula* and *Lucia*. This week, however, he promises *Faust*. In Donizetti's opera, a new tenor, M. Warmuth, made a fairly successful first appearance. He has a robust tenor voice, and, save when he forced it, he is comparatively free from the tremolo, that besetting vocal sin of most Continental tenors. To act the part of Edgar in anything but a conventional manner is now almost impossible. So M. Warmuth did not attempt it.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—An important orchestral concert taking place in the midst of a violent thunderstorm is a novelty, at any rate in this country, although it is said to be common enough in South America. The flashes of lightning and the volleys of thunder on Thursday night entirely disconcerted the orchestra during the performance of Mr. Cliffe's new symphony, and spoilt that which promised to be one of the finest readings we have had for many years of Beethoven's E flat concerto from the fingers of the gifted Norwegian pianist, Madame Backer-Gründahl. The first movement of the concerto was indeed performed with a power, a finish of execution, and a degree of intellectuality and artistic feeling rare in pianists of the present day. In the slow movement, however, the storm grew in intensity, several half-frightened ladies left the hall, Mr. Cowen dropped his *bâton* by accident, and the pianist, who kept on pluckily, obviously could not do herself full justice. Mr. Cliffe's symphony we described after it was produced at Mr. Manns' benefit at the Crystal Palace a few weeks ago. The performance at the Philharmonic, probably for the reasons already stated, was by no means a good one.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—It is expected that the regular summer concert season will end in little more than three weeks' time. The best performances are still very largely attended, but the recital fever, so far as the public are concerned, has happily abated, and benefit concerts, with few exceptions, necessarily attract only the immediate friends of the concert-giver. We will, however, take a rapid survey of the more interesting concerts. Señor Sarasate, for example, at his Chamber Concert on Saturday, played (with Madame Berthe Marx as pianist) Schubert's great Fantasia, Op. 159, and the *Kreutzer* sonata, besides Raff's *La Fie d'Amour*, which was encored. In the *Kreutzer* the audience thoughtlessly stopped one of the variations, and compelled the performers to repeat it.—Sir Charles Hallé on Friday produced for the first time Raff's pianoforte quartet in C minor, Op. 202, an unsatisfactory work by this most unequal of all great composers. (Of the four movements the first allegro seems to be the best. Brahms' sonata in F, Op. 99, was also given, and the programme included Schumann's pianoforte quartet, in which Sir Charles was joined by Lady Hallé and her brother, and Herr Ries.—The young Italian violinist, Signorina Teresina Tua, gave a violin concert last week, and among other things played Mendelssohn's concerto, but with only pianoforte accompaniment.—That gifted pianist, Mrs. Charles Yates, has given a benefit with the assistance of Mesdames Albani (who sang deliciously a new *Lullaby* by Signor Bevilacqua) and Valleria, Lady Hallé, and other eminent artists; and among the other performances of the week have been a miscellaneous concert at the Albert Hall, with Miss Nikita as one of the vocalists; and performances by Mr. Oberthur, the Guildhall School and London Academy students, Mr. Bonawitz (who announced a Brodskygian programme of no fewer than 45 pieces for organ, harpsichord, or pianoforte), Mr. Lawrence Kellie, Señor Albeniz, Mdle. Lorenzi, Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg (who sang Ambroise Thomas' "Comme tu le Pays" charmingly), Saturday Concerts at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, and many others.

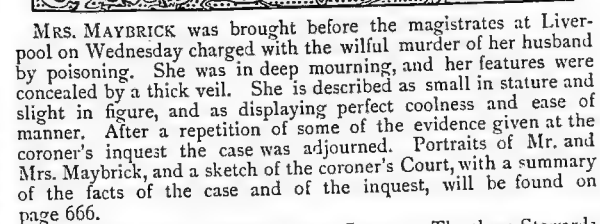
NOTES AND NEWS.—In honour of the Shah of Persia there has been arranged a "command" performance of *Aida* at the Royal Italian Opera on July 2nd, a private performance at the Empire on July 4th, and a semi-State concert at the Albert Hall on July 5th. Mr. Augustus Harris is said to have arranged for a late autumn season of Opera at Covent Garden.—Signor Arditì will conclude the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, which will begin on August 10th. A season of Promenade Concerts is also projected later in the month at Her Majesty's.—It is again reported that Verdi has definitely taken up Boito's libretto of *Romeo and Juliet*, and Dr. Hanslick, of the *New Free Press*, Vienna, announces that the composer has finished the first act.—The renowned tenor Tamara has been engaged for the part of *Oléo* at the production of Verdi's latest opera at the Lyceum next month.—Miss Maud Sims Reeves was married last Saturday to Mr. Wigg, a stockbroker.—Next Wednesday Mr. E. Markwick, formerly a well-known musical critic, will be married. On the same day the wedding is fixed of Mr. Templar Saxe and Miss Annie Schuberth.



They are rough sketches of verse on loose sheets of blue and white paper, full of corrections and additions, and in many cases show no slight difference between the poet's idea and his finished work. The MSS. include the dedication to the Queen of his poems, written in 1851, and the originals of "Maud" and "The Brook."

OUR OBITUARY records the death, in her fifty-fourth year, of Lady Bramwell; in his fifty-eighth year, of Sir William W. Arbuthnot, third Baronet, partner in a banking firm at Madras; in his seventy-first year, of Vice-Admiral Thomas Cochran; of the Hon. H. Gray, Judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia; of Monsignor Searle, Canon of the (Roman Catholic) Chapter of Westminster; in his eightieth year, of Mr. John F. La Trobe Bateman, the eminent engineer who supplied Glasgow with water from Loch Katrine, and was the author of the scheme to supply London from Lake Bala in Wales; of Professor David Boyes Smith, Professor of Military Medicine in the Army Medical School at Netley, previously Principal and Professor of Medicine in the Calcutta Medical College, author of a number of works chiefly on sanitation in India; and in his forty-fifth year, of the Rev. Gerard M. Hopkins, Professor of Classical Literature, University College, Dublin.

THE great festival day at Eton this year was made yet more festive by the visit of Her Majesty in the evening to see the procession of boats. At half-past six Her Majesty arrived on the lawn of Clewer Court, on the Berkshire side of the Thames, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, just as the first Eton boat left the Brocas. Other carriages followed, containing Prince Henry of Battenberg, his sister, Countess Erbach-Schönberg, Princesses Victoria of Prussia, Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and the members of the Household. As the horses were taken out of the Queen's carriage the crews filed past with their blue jackets, the coxswains bedecked with gigantic nose-gays. After returning down stream they once more ascended the river, with jackets doffed, some three or four boats abreast. When opposite Her Majesty they all "eased off" a little, the bands struck up the National Anthem, and the captains called for three cheers for the Queen, to which a hearty and enthusiastic response



THE CHETWYND-DURHAM LIBEL CASE.—The three Stewards of the Jockey Club appointed to arbitrate in this case—Mr. James



torily. The later subscriptions include 500*l.* from the Duke of Westminster. A number of influential noblemen and gentlemen have joined the Mansion House Committee. Lord Wantage, who is Brigadier-General of the Home Counties Volunteer Brigade, strongly recommends the starting of local patriotic funds on the same lines as that initiated by the Lord Mayor for the London district.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF LIMERICK has shown some firmness in dealing with a display of vindictiveness not for the first time extended to the public services of his Church. A man named Ryan became unpopular with the National Leaguers of the district by taking an evicted farm near Donoughmore, and when he entered chapel the following Sunday the congregation rose, and left *en masse*. This being reported to the Bishop, he threatened to close the chapel unless attendance at Mass was resumed, and this had some effect, although Ryan and his family were left in solitary occupation of a gallery. Of the latter fact the Bishop did not become cognisant until he held the usual annual confirmation of the children, when a number of Ryan's family being present to be confirmed all the other children left the chapel in a body before the Confirmation Service. The Bishop consequently abandoned the service, and intimated that he would not hold another for twelve months.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS has been sitting this week at Ipswich, at its first meeting, under the presidency of Professor Alfred Marshall, who occupies the chair of Political Economy at Cambridge. In his thoughtful opening address, he dwelt on the difficulties of co-operative production, and spoke hopefully of the system of profit-sharing as a most efficient means of associating the worker with his work.

The PROMOTERS of a Polytechnic Institution for South-West London are making an appeal which, considering the wealth of the district, ought not to be fruitless. The Charity Commissioners have promised to endow the projected institute with 50,000*l.* on condition that the same amount is subscribed by the end of October next; 20,000*l.* of this second 50,000*l.* remains to be raised. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. F. P. Murray, 47, Duke Street, W.

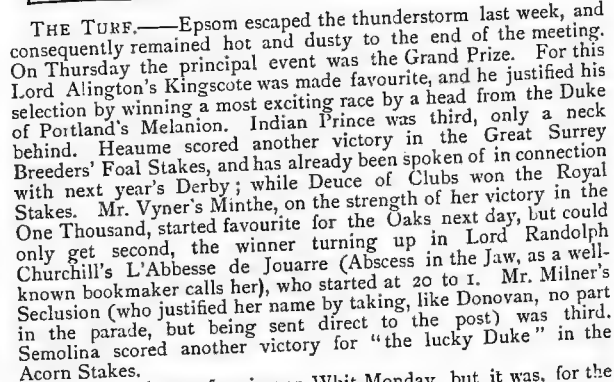
A FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT occurred in Ireland on Wednesday morning. Two excursion trains carrying about twelve hundred children, with teachers, of the Methodist Sunday schools, left Armagh, one of them a little preceding the other. Two miles or so from Armagh, the foremost train, going up an incline, was divided into two parts to relieve the stress on the engines. whereupon the hindmost portion ran back and crashed into the train which was following up, and with terrible results. At the time of our going to press full particulars had not been received, but, according to one account, between seventy and one hundred lives were lost, and more than a hundred children and others injured.

THE RIGHT ARM AND HAND OF A FEMALE were found floating in the Thames at Bankside, Southwark, on Monday, and the medical experts pronounced them to belong to the other remains of the woman supposed, after being murdered, to have been thrown into the Thames. This is the fifth "find" in connection with the Thames mystery. The name "L. E. Fisher" figures on a garment in which a portion of the remains was wrapped.

SOME INTERESTING MANUSCRIPT ORIGINALS of Lord Tennyson's poems will be sold in London by auction to-day (Saturday)



was given, the crews waving their straw hats. The crews then rowed up to supper at Surly Hall, and Her Majesty remained some twenty minutes to watch the somewhat confused evolutions of the miscellaneous flotilla which followed in the wake of the boats in picturesque disorder.



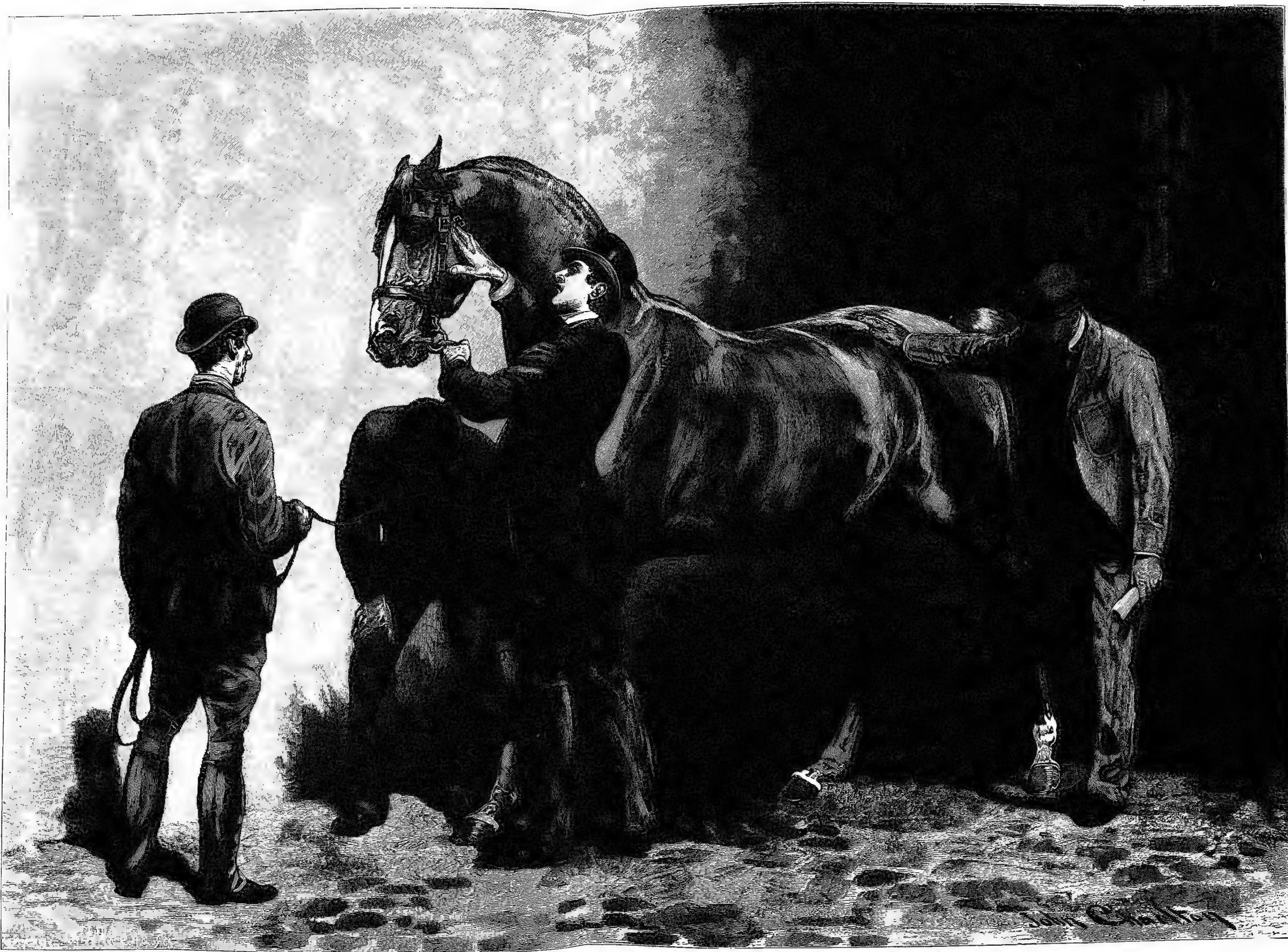
There was plenty of racing on Whit Monday, but it was, for the most part, uncommonly poor sport. The only event calling for notice was the Whitsuntide Plate at Kempton Park, which Deuce of Clubs secured for Mr. C. J. Merry. Backers in general, and French backers in particular, were delighted at the success of Le Torpilleur in the Grand Steeplechase de Paris at Auteuil on Sunday. Lord Dudley's The Sikh looked at one time like securing the stakes for "la perdue," but eventually ran second. At Manchester on Wednesday Heresy secured the Hartington Plate for Lord Calthorpe, and the ever-green King Monmouth the Salford Borough Handicap for Mr. Lowther, Fullerton being second and Goldseeker nowhere. For the Royal Hunt Cup, at Ascot, Fullerton has been awarded the top weight of 9 st. 7 lbs., Goldseeker being next with a pound less. A meeting of the Jockey Club was held last week to consider the new Rules of Racing. Most of the suggested alterations were carried.

CRICKET.—Middlesex beat Lancashire last week after a good match, and Kent easily defeated M.C.C. On Monday, Middlesex and Kent were to have met at Lord's, but the match had to be abandoned owing to the wet. Play was possible at Trent Bridge however, and there Notts defeated Surrey very easily. Gunn made 118 in his only innings. Surrey put the new rule in force against Gloucestershire last Saturday, and closed their innings when only six wickets had fallen. In spite of the good batting of "W. G.," who made 94 and 34, the Western County was beaten by 250 runs. The Champion made 70 against Sussex, for which

Lowther, M.P., the Earl of March, and Prince Soltykoff—met for the first time in the Royal Courts of Justice on Monday. Sir George Chetwynd claims 20,000*l.* for alleged libels on him in Lord Durham's famous speech at York, in December, 1887. Lord Durham maintains that his charges against Sir George Chetwynd are true, and justifies them in considerable detail. Sir Henry James leads for the plaintiff, and Sir Charles Russell for the defence. After Sir Henry opened the case, Sir George Chetwynd was called. An important part of his evidence related to his dealings with his horse Fullerton, Lord Durham having in his justification charged Sir George with running so as not to win in several races in 1886 and 1887, with the view of inducing the handicapper to handicap Fullerton on more favourable terms in subsequent races, to the prejudice of other owners. When Fullerton was thus run Sir George Chetwynd, Lord Durham asserted, did not back the horse. In several of the races of 1886-7 specified by Lord Durham Sir George Chetwynd declared emphatically that he had backed Fullerton, and that by this backing of the horse he lost in 1887 1,000*l.* On Tuesday Sir Charles Russell began his cross-examination, which turned largely on Sir George's relations with Wood, the jockey, in whose integrity, the witness said, he still had perfect confidence, and the object of which was to suggest that those relations were too intimate, considering the reports current respecting Wood's questionable practices. Sir Charles Russell resumed his cross-examination on Wednesday, and put a number of searching questions as to the alleged in-and-out running of several horses in which Sir George Chetwynd was interested in one way or another. Among those present in the audience were the Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes, and Charles Wood the jockey.

QUITE A SCENE OCCURRED IN COURT when, in alleged obedience to a writ of *habeas corpus*, the youth William Thompson, reported in this column last week to have been mistakenly arrested as a deserter from H.M.S. *Calliope*, was "produced" before Mr. Justice Manisty and Mr. Justice Mathews, by whom the writ was issued. In the interval between the issue of the writ and his appearance in Court, Thompson had been a second time arrested on apparently a trumped-up charge of theft, and was brought into Court in the custody of a corporal. The writ of *habeas corpus* contained an order that it should be returned into Court with a statement of the cause of Thompson's detention. Neither of these orders had been complied with, and the Judges expressed great indignation at this disobedience, ultimately ordering an attachment to issue against Captain Woodward, of the *Duke of Wellington*, to whom the writ had been addressed, and who was accordingly arrested, and afterwards liberated on bail. On the same day Thompson was liberated in his own recognisances at Nottingham on the charge of theft, the magistrates thinking that he should not be called on until the case in the London Court was settled.

ANOTHER BRITISH COMPETITOR FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP is ready—the racing lugger yacht *Paradox*, just launched at Eastbourne. The *Paradox* is the first yacht of lugger rig seen in English waters for over a generation, and is 70 ft. long, with a beam of 20 ft., and draught of 9 ft. She is a 60-tonner, and has a sail area of about 2,000 square feet, being the largest yacht of the kind afloat. Her first trial of speed takes place next Tuesday in a race at Queenstown.



"A PRIZE-WINNER, IF SOUND"

VETERINARY SURGEONS EXAMINING A HORSE SELECTED, BY THE JUDGES AT A SHOW, TO ASCERTAIN IF HE HAS ANY UNSOUNDNESS WHICH DISQUALIFIES HIM FOR THE PRIZE

A FIVE-MILE CHALLENGE CYCLING CUP

THE Plymouth Cycling Club this year offered a grand challenge cup of greater value than any that had previously been offered to cyclists. The list of competitors for the race, which was run on Whit-Monday, included the names of Mayes, W. A. Illston, of the Speedwell B. C., and others noted for their riding powers. Great pains were taken in selecting the prize, and, out of some thirty designs submitted to the committee, that of Mr. Asher Levy, silversmith, of Plymouth, was chosen. The cup, which stands just three feet high, is of sterling silver, and weighs 203 ounces, is a goblet of the Italian style, the body being richly chased with acanthus leaves and blossoms, in the centre of which is a shield containing the club badge (the Borough arms) and space for the winners' names, with fluted and ornamented handles—the whole surmounted by the symbolical figure of Victory extending the laurel wreath. The race meeting on Whit-Monday was attended by a large concourse, and the cup, after a good race, was won by Mr. E. M. Mayes.—Mr. Illston, who was leading when 120 yards from home, having fallen from his machine through turning a corner too sharply.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Scammell, Plymouth and Falmouth.



Illston, who was leading when 120 yards from home, having fallen from his machine through turning a corner too sharply.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Scammell, Plymouth and Falmouth.



I.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for June opens with "An Appeal against Female Suffrage," which is most influentially signed by a large number of ladies of rank and distinction. The case against Female Suffrage is stated with much force and clearness. The petitioners deprecate the suggestion that they would seek to depreciate the position or the importance of women. "We are convinced," they say, "that the pursuit of a mere outward equality with men is for women not only vain, but demoralising. It leads to a total misconception of woman's true dignity and special mission."—Prince Kropotkin has an interesting paper, "The Great French Revolution and Its Lesson."—Mr. Edward Clifford returns to the subject of "The Hawaiians and Father Damien," about whom he places on record some further facts.—In "Agnosticism and Christianity" Professor Huxley makes a broad lucid statement of the agnostic case in the controversy in which he has been engaged.

A more or less eloquent panegyric is Mr. Frederic Harrison's "What the Revolution of 1789 Did," which opens the *Fortnightly Review*. Another aspect of the same historical event is treated by Lord Wolseley in "The French Revolution and War." The Adjutant-General of the Forces holds that the outcome of the French Revolution taught us that whilst Republicanism is at a discount in Europe, the army and the nation have come to be synonymous terms in all the great European States. Of course it seems to Lord Wolseley that this lesson of the French Revolution is sure to realise itself in Great Britain in the course of time. Besides, there may be noticed in this review, a political paper, "Five Years' Advocacy of Provincial Parliaments," by the Marquis of Lorne, and a political one, "The House of Hapsburg in South-Eastern Europe," by Professor Freeman.

Archbishop Walsh writes in the *Contemporary* an article headed, "Arbitration or the Battering-Ram?" in which he endeavours to remove some misconceptions prevalent in this country as to the position he has taken up in the Irish land war, and he here notes down some of the leading incidents that have marked the course of what he calls "my efforts in the cause of peace."—Sir Morell Mackenzie has a bright, semi-literary, semi-scientific paper on "Speech and Song." There can be no doubt, Sir Morell thinks, that the voice has developed greatly since our "half-human ancestors" wooed each other in the primeval forests, and it is conceivable that it may in time to come acquire the power of producing musical effects at present undreamt of. It is also probable enough that as the voice gains in sweetness it may lose in power, the latter quality being more required in barbarous than in highly-civilised conditions.—Mr. Frederick Greenwood and Mr. W. T. Stead both contribute papers to the *Contemporary Review*, the one writing of "The Mystery of Our Foreign Relations," the other on "Madame France and Her Brav' Général."—There is a lot of pleasantly-conveyed information in Mr. E. J. Goodman's "The Savage Club," while patriots will find food for reflection in a matter of interest in "The Volunteers," under which heading Colonel C. B. Brackenbury writes on "A Real Volunteer Army," and Lord Mayor Whitehead on "A Patriotic Volunteer Fund."

The most notable paper in the *National Review* is that by Mr. Demetrius Boulenger on "The Pacification of Burma." His view of the future of our latest Oriental acquisition is hopeful, and he advances a host of facts in maintenance of his position. There is every reason, he thinks, why Sir Charles Bernard's bold prediction should come true, that "the united provinces of Bumah will twenty years hence be, for its population, by far the most comfortable, the most prosperous, the most educated, the most revenue-paying, and the most go-ahead section of the great Empire of British India."

The *New Review*, of which the first number is before us, seems to give a good deal for the price put upon it, to wit, sixpence. It contains eight articles and ninety-six pages of matter. Its English contributors this month are Mrs. Lynn Linton, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mr. Henry James, Earl Compton, Lord Charles Beresford, and Mr. T. W. Russell. Perhaps most interest will attach to the two papers in which Mr. Alfred Naquet, member of the French Senate, and M. Camille Pelletan, member of the French Chamber, discuss "General Boulanger," his character, his prospects, and the political situation which has made him possible, from different points of view.

The *Universal Review* opens with an anonymous article on "The Times." There is nothing very noteworthy about it, except its appositeness to one important circumstance of the day. The following passage contains, however, interesting facts:—"Editorial existence, with its wearing worry and intense strain, is not usually long-lived; but it is certainly remarkable that during the last seventy years there have been but four editors of the *Times*:—Thomas Barnes, who succeeded Stoddart in 1817, followed by J. Thaddeus Delane in 1841; J. Chenery succeeded in 1877, and George Earle Buckle in 1884.—Part II. of "The Art of England" has a number of good illustrations, among them two, fine portraits of Mr. Rider Haggard and Sir William Bowman.—In "Imperial Co. kneedom" Mr. Robert Buchanan replies with animation to

those who have found fault with his recent paper "The Modern Young Man as Critic," and Mr. Andrew Lang, the editor of *Truth*, and one whom he calls "this dolefullest and dimmest of young men," receive some smart raps.—Mr. Herbert Bentley has a pleasant historical and literary paper, anent "Stoke Pogis," and Gray's connection with it.

Mr. George Kennan treats this month in the *Century* of "The Convict Mines of Kara." He tells a pathetic story of the constant escape of the convicts of the Free Command in the spring-time, when they hear the cuckoo's cry. General Kukushka they call him, and at his orders they run away, to live for months the life of and hunted fugitives, subsisting upon berries and roots, sleeping upon the cold and often water-soaked ground, enduring hardships and miseries almost innumerable, and facing death at almost every step. An old man who had run away many times, but felt he was too weak to do it again, came in early summer to the prison official of Kara and said:—"I am old and grey-headed now, I can't stand life in the woods as I could once, and I don't want to run away; but if I hear General Kukushka calling me, I must go. Please do me the favour to lock me up, your High Nobility, so that I can't go."—Mr. Edwin Brough of Wyndgate, near Scarborough, writes a capital illustrated paper on "The Bloodhound."—Miss Helen Campbell may also be read on "Certain Forms of Woman's Work for Woman," and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer on "Corot, the Artist."

Dr. B. Ward Richardson contributes to *Longman* a paper well worth reading on "The Health of the Mind." He starts with the assumption that the phenomena which connect themselves with the study of the mental origin of disease present the closest analogy with the phenomena connected with the physical origin of disease. "There is less death," says Dr. Richardson, "there is more life. Is there less disease of the mind as well as of the body?"—"The Affair of Bleakirk-on-the-Sands," by "Q," is a fairly successful specimen of the short story.

The second paper by the Vicomte de Vogüé in *Harper* on "Social Life in Russia" is as attractive as the first; and gives very vivid pictures of summer fashionable life among the islands of the Neva, and of the enjoyments in which a Cossack magnate, visiting Nijni, indulges.—Dr. William Howard Russell tells a strange pathetic story of the past in "An Incident of the Irish Rebellion."—Mr. Henry James contributes a paper entitled "Our Artists in Europe," which contains among its illustrations portraits of F. D. Millet, Edwin A. Abbey, Alfred Parsons, George H. Boughton, George Du Maurier, and Charles S. Reinhart.—We may also notice "The Negro on the Stage," by Laurence Hutton, illustrated from old prints.

Murray opens with an amusing satire on the manner in which public companies are sometimes floated, entitled, "How I Placed a Concession in London." Most instructive, and likely to be very interesting to many readers, is "The Manchester Ship Canal," by Mr. W. M. Acworth. This writer supplies facts, figures, and information generally about this great engineering work which are scarcely available elsewhere, at least in the same space. Professor J. P. Mahaffy writes on "Mount Athos in 1889," and Miss Charlotte M. Mason on "The Education of the Future."

This month's is a good number of the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*. Very entertaining is the instalment here given of "Wanderings of a War Artist. New Series. The Russo-Turkish War," by Mr. Irving Montagu.—There is also a capital, spirited paper on "The Bersaglieri," by Miss Edith Marget.—The frontispiece of the magazine is a portrait of Lord Wantage.

Blackwood opens with a humorous picture of life with a modern Highland chief, called "An Arcadian Summer: the Impressions of an Impressionist."—Sir Theodore Martin contributes another of his admirable renderings of Schiller with "Rudolph of Hapsburg;" while Mr. Andrew Lang has some neat verses headed, "The Old Love and the New."—An excellent paper of Persian travel is "Kum to Isfahan" by Colonel Mark Sever Bell, V.C., A.D.C.—There is also an article by Sir Stafford Northcote on "The Procedure of the House of Commons."

A notable feature in *Scribner* is the beginning of a series of articles on "The Practical Application of Electricity." The opening paper, "Electricity in the Service of Man," by Professor C. F. Brackett, of Princeton, sets forth in a clear and precise way some of the common methods by which the more important electrical phenomena are produced, the laws which they reveal, and the principles involved in measuring electrical quantities such as the Volt, Ampere, and Ohm.—We may especially commend Professor Henry Drummond's "Slavery in Africa," in which he presents in lurid light the horrors daily and hourly perpetrated by Arab traders.

Mr. William A. Eddy gives a very complete account of the Eiffel Tower in the *Atlantic Monthly*. His article entitled, "The Highest Structure in the World," is replete with curious and interesting information about the work of the great French engineer and contractor.

In *Macmillan* an "Ex-Quaker" has some comment, more or less speculative and general as regards matter, on "John Bright and Quakerism."—Those who admire the work of the author of "In the Tennessee Mountains" will appreciate "The Poor Whites of the Southern States," by Mr. A. G. Bradley. The "Poor Whites" meant are the mountaineers of the Virginian Blue Ridge. They are of the same type as Miss Craddock's Tennessee folk.—Mr. George Saintsbury writes on "George Crabbe."

Cornhill has one good naturalist paper, "Martens, Polecats, Weasels, and Stoats."—"A Fool's Task," a short story, though unsigned, is probably Mr. Baring-Gould's, here scarcely at his best.

The *Woman's World* opens with "A Lady of the Renaissance," by Edith Marget, in which the life of Old Florence and of Sixteenth Century Italy is very vividly brought before the reader. A charming illustration of this article is the frontispiece, a portrait of Eleanor of Toledo, wife of Cosimo of Medici, engraved from the picture by Angelo Bronzino in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.—"Politics in Dress," by Mr. Richard Heath, is entertaining, and illustrated in a way to afford both amusement and instruction.—The Viscountess Harberton has a sensible paper on "Mourning Clothes and Customs," while the Countess of Cork and Orrery writes a bright little essay on the wren, "The King of Birds."

The Summer Number of *Atalanta* will not disappoint the public. Among other good matter, we may especially notice the common-sense yet bright little article by Mr. L. F. Anstie on "Going on the Stage," which is illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss.



A BATTLE OF FLOWERS on the Continental model will be held at Blackpool, in Lancashire, on July 4th.

A SHORT PLAY BY THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA—"Carmen Sylva"—entitled *In the Twilight*, will be produced next week at a charitable *matinée*, given in the Paris Trocadéro Palace, by the company of the Théâtre Français.

THE AMERICAN GAME OF BASE BALL is being taken up with much energy in Australia. Teams organised by the various colonies have played some excellent baseball matches, and the Adelaide players are especially proficient, although the game was only introduced last year.

DEATH BY ELECTRICITY, now the appointed legal system of capital punishment in New York State, has greatly fascinated French minds. Accordingly, a petition has been laid before the Paris Municipal Council, suggesting to replace the guillotine by the electric current, as quicker and more merciful.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE "CROWDED OUT AND REJECTED PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY" opens definitively at Olympia next Saturday. Prizes varying from 50s. to 5s. will be awarded by public vote, each visitor being asked to inscribe his choice of the best picture on a special official bulletin. The ballot-box will then be opened regularly each week to test public opinion.

THE RULES OF COMPOSITION are not closely observed in some of the Western States of America. An ingenious scribe drafted a Bill introduced into the Nebraska Legislature forbidding "the firing of any pistol, revolver, shot-gun, rifle, or any firearms whatsoever on any public road or highway, or within sixty yards of such public road or highway, except to destroy some wild, ferocious, or dangerous beast, or an officer in the discharge of his duty."

THE BIGGEST INDIAN ELEPHANT yet known has been killed in the Madras Presidency. The creature had been the terror of the South-West for some time, and had lately killed two men. Hearing of its size an official from the Madras Museum secured the bones, and when mounted the skeleton proved to be 10 ft. 6 in. high—exceeding by eight inches the estimate of any previous elephant. The tusks weighed 50 lbs. each, and were 6 ft. along the curve.

FRESH RELICS OF THE DUTCH INCURSION on the English coasts in the seventeenth century are continually being found in the Medway. Only a short time ago portions of a Dutch vessel were discovered, and now the keel of a ship has been dredged up, from 20 ft. to 30 ft. long, together with one of the hatchways. Altogether enough remains of the Dutch fleet has been found to fill two lighters, and these antiquarian treasures are being carefully stored for investigation. A round shot of 7 lbs. is among the finds.

A CARRIAGE DRIVE FROM VIENNA TO PARIS has been undertaken by a Viennese journalist. He started on June 2nd, and expects to reach the French capital on the 22nd, using the same horses all the way. His driver is a well-known cabman from Vienna, who unites musical and dramatic talent with the science of the whip. The journalist will stay two months in Paris to "report" the Exhibition for his newspaper, and will then drive home again. This trip, however, is nothing to the feat of an old Turk of sixty-seven who wants to see the Exhibition, but is too poor to afford the railway fares. He intends to walk all the way from Constantinople, following the railway track, and sleeping in the open air.

BRITISH ROYALTY IN INDIA is always indefatigable in encouraging sport, and the very juvenile family of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught keep up the ancestral tradition by showing the way to their young playmates in the hill station of Mahabeshwur, in the Bombay Presidency, where the Duke and Duchess are now staying. A juvenile sporting club has been established, and the little Princes and Princesses of Connaught competed energetically in the grand athletic meeting. Princess Margaret, the eldest, aged seven, came in third in a flat race for children under eight years old, and was leading bravely across a hurdle in the next contest when she tripped over a lump of earth and came to the ground, losing her chance. Prince Arthur, aged six, was second in a Consolation Handicap; and the little Princess Patricia, aged three, held the same position in a "Pick-a-Back" race, where the very youthful competitors were mounted on the shoulders of some gallant officer. Princess Margaret afterwards distributed the prizes, the girls predominating amongst the winners.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—The Parisians continue to pride themselves that the success of the present world's show far exceeds that of its predecessors. So they triumphantly cite the number of visitors for May—2,208,045—an increase of 938,370 on the returns of 1878. The retrospective Art Exhibition at the Trocadero has been opened, and teems with curiosities. It is arranged according to the different centuries in rooms entered through models of famous doorways of corresponding periods, and provincial cathedrals have lent their treasures in abundance. Portraits, enamels, wood-carvings, pottery, manuscripts, ancient tapestry, furniture, metal work, and relics of French sovereigns and celebrities, are admirably arranged. There are Marguerite de Valois' watch, the silk dress offered by Lyons to Marie Antoinette on her marriage, illuminated books belonging to Francis I., Louis XIII., Madame de Maintenon, and so forth. The Annamite Theatre has begun its representations with one of the most famous national dramas, *Ly-Tien-Young, King of Vuong*, a gruesome story of conspiracy and disloyalty. Boys play the feminine parts, and the rich costumes, quaint processions, and extraordinary masks console the spectator for his ignorance of the language. Close by, at the Algerian concert, an Arab tribe go through terrible contortions, eating fire and glass, piercing their tongues, &c. So much damage and disorder is caused by the poorer visitors picnicking in the gardens during the night *fêtes* that a special detachment of police will be set on guard for the next occasion. Further, it is proposed to prohibit visitors bringing their own provisions, rather a serious matter to poor people, considering the high prices of the restaurants, unless they have the good sense to resort to the useful Fourneaux Economiques which we described last week. The meteorological observatory on the Eiffel Tower is now ready, and was to begin work on Monday. The direction and force of the wind, the moisture and dryness of the atmosphere, the variations of temperature, cloud observations, and weather forecasts will be minutely recorded, and the reports placarded in the Exhibition buildings proper.

IBSEN'S "DOLL HOUSE."—The performance of this play at the NOVELTY last Friday was extremely interesting. Only once before (at a single *matinée*) has a play of Henrik Ibsen been presented on the English stage as it was written by the author, and on the present occasion the acting was up to a high level of art. Miss Janet Achurch as Nora played with an amount of intelligence and insight which surpassed the expectations of her friends; and the other characters were all well filled. As to the play, it must necessarily remain unappreciated by the general public. It would have no "run" if put on the boards in the ordinary way. But, in the mere fact that Ibsen, undiluted, has been played for a week to attentive audiences, there are endless possibilities for the drama in England.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Whit Monday afternoon an enthusiastic audience at St. George's Hall welcomed with roars of laughter the rollicking fun of *Tally Ho!* while Mr. Corney Grain's new musical sketch, entitled *My Aunt's in Town*, was received with much favour. Mr. Grain was irresistibly funny in his imitation of "My Aunt's" fright and hurry as she clung to him in crossing the street, and in her adjurations to her rather stolid husband to come across at once as it "was quite easy, and there was no danger." Especially amusing was the account of his bringing "My Aunt" home from the Crystal Palace after the fireworks. Sixteen people in a third-class carriage, each gentleman with a lady on his knee, so Mr. Grain also was obliged to take "My Aunt." Then her horror at the big bottle which goes round, and the friendly persuasions that she should have a taste and not be proud, the climax being reached when a song is sung and all must join in the chorus, and at a particular signal the gentlemen must jog the ladies up and down on their knees. Alas! for "My Aunt."



THERE has been another Boulangist incident in FRANCE. For some time past the Boulangist orators have conducted a Sunday campaign in various towns, and last Sunday MM. Laguerre, Laisant, and Déroulède went to Angoulême to attend a grand banquet. On their arrival, they were cheered by a large crowd, to which M. Déroulède appears to have shouted, "Do not cry 'Vive la République,' as then probably you will be arrested, but cry 'Vive les Valeurs'—that will not be objected to." Thereupon a policeman asked M. Déroulède to follow him, but the latter seized the policeman by the collar and dragged him against the carriage. For this M. Déroulède was at once arrested, and as M. Laisant attempted to rescue him, and M. Laguerre violently protested, they were also taken in charge together with their release if they would promise not to take advantage of their liberty to encourage any noisy street demonstrations which were disturbing public order. This they refused, and were accordingly kept in durance vile. Of course, the matter caused a stormy scene in the Chamber on Tuesday, when the Boulangists complained that thirty people had been arrested because one man cried, "Vive Boulangier," and that three regiments had been called out to disperse a crowd of peaceable bystanders. M. Constans, on the other hand, justified the action of the military by declaring that the Boulangists, when stamping the provinces, hired escorts of strangers to the district to greet them at the stations, quoted several instances to support his point, and declared that out of twenty-five persons arrested at Angoulême only eight were inhabitants of the town. The upshot of the sitting was the postponement of the discussion for a month, but the debate was noteworthy for the qualified support given to the Boulangists by the Bonapartists and Royalists. The action of the latter has caused considerable surprise, and it is considered that the Monarchical cause must suffer severely if its partisans continue to show themselves the friends of disorder and anarchy. This incident, together with the discovery and seizure of a number of General Boulanger's letters, which he had entrusted to a friend when he left Paris, has caused a brisk revival of the whole question of Boulangism, which, since the opening of the Exhibition, has been comparatively dormant.

There has also been a renewed controversy regarding the relations between Church and State. Last week M. Jules Ferry tried to bring about an era of religious tolerance, and urged the Radicals to treat the religious congregations more liberally, and the Conservatives to accept a compromise. Neither side, however, showed the slightest sign of wishing to come to an agreement—and poor M. Ferry only got taunts and gross abuse for his pains. Meanwhile, President Carnot has been saying civil things to Roman Catholic dignitaries on the occasion of delivering the biretta to the three new Cardinals—the Archbishops of Paris, Lyons, and Bordeaux. He especially thanked them for their efforts to maintain concord between Church and State. "You can assure the Pope," he added, "that the Government of the Republic is happy to see these sentiments of concord propagated." Paris has been densely thronged for the Whitsuntide holidays, and the Exhibition has been crowded to excess, the visitors on Whit Monday being estimated at 400,000, while 36,000 persons wholly or partly ascended the Eiffel Tower.

Tower.

In GERMANY the Shah has been entertained at Berlin with all due pomp and ceremony. He arrived on Sunday evening, was welcomed at the station by the Emperor and Royal Princes, and then driven, escorted by a squadron of cavalry, to his quarters at the Bellevue Castle. On Monday the Shah visited Potsdam, placed wreaths on the tombs of the Emperor William and the Emperor Frederick, and then with the Emperor and Empress attended a grand military picnic entertainment of the Lehr Infantry Battalion, which is composed of picked men from all regiments training for non-commissioned rank. After lunch at the Schloss the two Sovereigns returned to Berlin by water. On Tuesday there was a grand artillery sham fight, and a State banquet in the White Saloon of the Schloss—the Shah sitting between the Emperor and Empress. The Shah was to leave Berlin on Thursday. Some comment has been caused by the absence from Berlin of Prince Bismarck during the Shah's stay, and this is generally considered to imply that no important political result is expected from the visit. In Russia, on the contrary, the Shah's visit was looked upon as mainly political. It is said that a Secret Convention was signed, by which the Shah cedes Khorassan and important commercial and railway monopolies in return for the Czar undertaking to uphold the present Persian dynasty, and that the Czar addressed a farewell warning to his guest against being tempted by England to make concessions unfavourable to Russian interests. The Shah, he declared, should first realise that 100,000 Russian bayonets were ranged along the Persian frontier, and that the Czar would not guarantee that they would not be set in motion. To this, laconically remarks the *Cologne Gazette*, the Shah made no reply. Germany and Switzerland are still at variance on the Wohlgemuth affair. One report credits Germany with having broken off diplomatic relations, and another with the intention of establishing a strict system of passports on the German-Swiss frontier. There has been some hitch in the Samoan negotiations, but another sitting of the Conference was to be held on Thursday, from which better results were expected.

IN EASTERN EUROPE the visit to Russia of Prince Nicholas has resulted in the Prince ordering the military force of MONTENEGRO to be immediately re-organised. All the able-bodied men are to be enrolled, and the Army placed on a footing to be called out for service at the shortest notice.—In SERBIA the Metropolitan Theodosius has resigned, and Monsigneur Michael reinstalled by decree. A reconciliation has been effected between the latter and the King, and Metropolitan Michael has undertaken to issue a pastoral letter blessing his predecessor's administration, and giving him absolution, thereby indirectly recognising the legality of all his official acts, and in this way tacitly acknowledging the validity of ex-King Milan's divorce. That ex-Sovereign is still at Constantinople, or rather in summer quarters at Therapia. The coronation of King Alexander will take place on June 26th, in the Convent of Silesia. —There is fresh agitation in CRETE, where meetings are being held to advocate the annexation of the island to Greece, on the grounds that the present Government is unable to maintain public order and security. Turkey, however, taking the hint, is strongly reinforcing the garrison.

IN INDIA the scarcity in Behar continues, and considerable distress is caused by the abnormal rise in the price of food-grain. In Ganjam, where the situation is worst, the population, the *Times* correspondent tells us, is in a most distressed state. No drinking-water remains in the tanks, and cholera prevails throughout the district. The local merchants are not importing supplies of grain from Orissa; there is no seed-grain, and the cultivators have no funds with which to buy any if there were. Even if the monsoon be good, the distress must continue till the new crop can be harvested in October. The district officers are working well, and extensive measures are being taken for the relief of the sufferers.—

The Indian Government are taking stringent precautions against the spread of leprosy, and it is proposed to empower the district magistrates to arrest any leper found wandering about without means of subsistence. These may be detained in a retreat for life, or until their discharge is sanctioned. Every retreat is to provide for the complete separation of the sexes.—Steps have been taken at length to punish nine of the corrupt Mamlutdars, and they have been deprived of their magisterial powers.—In BURMA desultory fighting continues, and Ottama's band, which had again become troublesome in Minbu, was attacked and defeated on the 5th inst.

In the UNITED STATES, the utmost energy has been shown in clearing away the wreckage in Johnstown and the Conemaugh Valley. The greatest precautions were taken, and fortunately with complete success, against the outbreak of an epidemic—the dead were all buried, disinfectants put down by the cartload, and the State Government has now undertaken to remove the wreckage, and to carry out the works necessary for putting the valley into a good sanitary condition—the State Treasury paying the expense. In this manner the subscriptions which have been raised (amounting to nearly half a million sterling) will be devoted to feeding, and relieving the necessities of the sufferers. The Cambria Ironworks resumed work on Saturday, and the Pennsylvania Railway line was expected to be restored by Wednesday. The total loss of life is now estimated at 6,000 in and around Johnstown, and 1,000 elsewhere. A message of condolence was sent by Queen Victoria to President Harrison, who desired the British Minister to warmly thank Her Majesty for her sympathy. Another disaster occurred on the 7th inst., when Seattle, the chief city of Washington State, was devastated by fire. The houses were mainly built of wood and more than 60 acres were burnt out, the most substantial business part of the town being consumed. The damage was estimated at some 4,000,000*l*. The inhabitants have already set about rebuilding, and have wisely decided that the business quarter shall be constructed of brick or stone.—Drs. Irwin, Ferguson, and Hance, who performed the autopsy on the late Mr. Irving Bishop, have now been indicted for a violation of the sanitary laws.—Further arrests have been made in connection with the Cronin mystery, and the inquest resulted in Alexander Sullivan, P. O. Sullivan, Daniel Coughlin, and Frank Woodruff being held to be the principals in, or accessories to the murder.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—GERMANY is fighting her way in EAST AFRICA. Captain Wissman has attacked Saadani and Windji, leveling them to the ground, and subsequently captured Pangani.—In ITALY, on Saturday, a statue was unveiled in Rome to Giordano Bruno, the Dominican philosopher, who was burned, in 1600, for his religious opinions. Nearly 30,000 persons took part in the unveiling ceremony, including the Syndic and Aldermen of Rome, but the demonstration has greatly angered the Ultramontane party, and the Pope is stated to be much depressed at the commemoration.



THE QUEEN reached Balmoral at the close of last week. Accompanied by Princess Victoria of Prussia and the Princess of Leiningen, Her Majesty travelled from Windsor by the usual special night-train, stopping for tea at Leamington, and breakfasting at Perth. At Aberdeen the chief officials and a large crowd greeted the Royal party, while a guard of honour from the Cameron Highlanders received them at Ballater, whence the Queen and Princesses drove to Balmoral amid splendid weather. Her Majesty with the Princesses has been visiting her favourite spots round Balmoral, and has called on many of the cottagers, and on Sunday morning attended Divine Service in the Castle, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating. On Tuesday the Queen with Princess Victoria and Princess Leiningen drove to Braemar, and on to the Glenclunie Road, returning round the Lion's Face. The Royal party return South on the 27th inst., and soon after their arrival Princess Beatrice's baby will be christened. The Princess was to leave Windsor on Friday for Aldershot with her husband, and went out for the first time last Saturday morning. The Queen intends being present at the Braemar gathering, which is to be held at Old Mar Lodge.—The arrangements for the Queen's visit to North Wales are nearly complete. Her Majesty will arrive at Pale Hall on August 20th, and during her stay will drive through the Vale of Llangollen to visit Sir Theodore and Lady Martin at Bryntysilio, where "The Life of the Prince Consort" was written. On August 24th the Queen will visit Wrexham, going by rail from Pale to Ruabon, and from thence by carriage. The Queen will spend the Whitsun

The Prince and Princess of Wales and family spent the Whitsun holidays in Paris. Before leaving town they entertained the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to lunch on Saturday, and started in the afternoon by special train and boat, *via* Dover and Calais, where they dined, reaching Paris just before midnight. The chief members of the British Embassy received the Royal party, who then took up their quarters at the Hotel Bristol. On Sunday they attended the Morning Service at the new Victoria Church in the Rue des Bassins, and entertained parties of friends to lunch and dinner in the hotel. Their visit being strictly private, the Prince and Princess avoided all official receptions, although the Prince, as usual, exchanged calls with President Carnot. The Royal party spent their time entirely at the Exhibition, mounting to the top of the Eiffel Tower, and showing the young Princes and Princesses the various Parisian sights, besides going several times to the theatre and visiting French friends. They returned to London to-day (Saturday), and on Monday go to Sunningdale Park, Berks, for Ascot week, when they will entertain guests, and give the usual Ascot picnic at Virginia Water. The Prince and Princess also continue at Sunningdale Park during part of the following week, in order to be near the Agricultural Show at Windsor, which the Prince opens on the 24th, but return to town on the Friday for the Prince to hold a Levée next day. The Princess will also go to a fancy ball and concert at Mrs. Cyril Flower's on the 28th, in aid of Miss Leigh's Homes in Paris. The Prince and Princess will do the honours to the Shah at a State reception at Buckingham Palace on July 1st, while the Prince will also accompany His Persian Majesty to the City for the Municipal entertainment on July 3rd. The Prince also intends being present at the Henley Regatta on July 3rd, 4th, and 5th. Prince Albert will visit India during the coming winter. The visit is to be quasi-private, and no presents are to be accepted or exchanged. The Prince will open the new bath, hospital, and convalescent home at Harrogate on July 18th. Prince George returned from Paris on Tuesday and proceeded to Portsmouth. The Prince will inspect the Commissionaires on Sunday morning. Eastland for the

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh also left England for the Continent on Saturday. Crossing *via* Dover and Calais, they travelled together to Hanover, where the Duchess remained to await her children coming from Coburg, while the Duke with Prince Alfred went on to Berlin to see the Emperor William, who decorated the young Prince with the Red Eagle of the First Class. Thence the Duke goes to Homburg to stay with the Empress Frederick for two days before beginning

his "cure" at Kissingen. The Duchess subsequently travelled to St. Petersburg for her youngest brother's wedding. The bride-elect, Princess Alexandra of Greece, with her family, reached Peterhof on Saturday, having been met at the Russian frontier by her bridegroom, the Grand Duke Paul. The town officials presented the Princess with bread and salt, according to Russian custom, and there was a grand family dinner given by the Czar and Czarina in the evening.—Princess Christian will open the new buildings of the Cripples' Home and Industrial School for Girls, Marylebone Road, on the 29th inst.—The Duchess of Albany, on Monday, opened a Fine Art, Loan, and Industrial Exhibition at Surbiton.—Another alliance between the Russian Imperial Family and a Montenegrin Princess is rumoured, the bride being Princess Anastasia, next sister to Princess Militza, and the bridegroom the Grand Duke George Mikhailovitch, cousin to the Czar.



THE QUEEN has presented the Rev. A. L. B. Piele, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ventnor, and one of her honorary chaplains, to the Mastership and Chaplaincy of St. Katherine's Hospital, in Regent's Park, where the Jubilee Nurses' Institution has been founded with the surplus funds of the Women's National Tribute to Her Majesty on the occasion of her Jubilee, assigned to the Hospital for this purpose by the Queen.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY presided at the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, when it was stated that the gross income for the year (138,366*l.*) was far the largest ever enjoyed by the Society. The increase was mainly due to a magnificent donation of 25,000*l.* which, the Primate informed the meeting, was five-sixths of a property bequeathed to the donor, a clergyman, who wished to remain unknown, at least publicly.

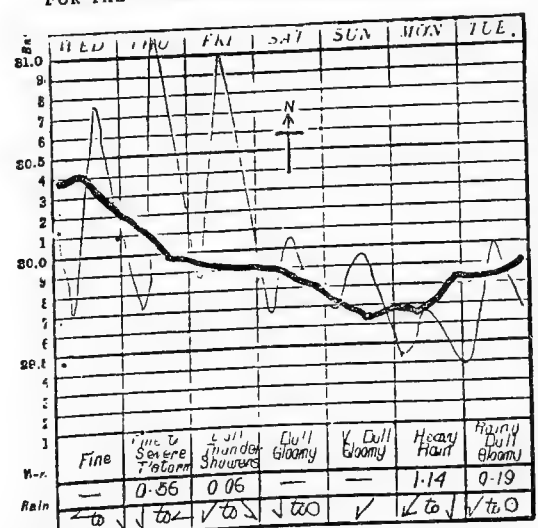
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION states that 3,000£ are still needed to make up its Guarantee Fund of 10,000£, and that it has already spent more than 1,900£ on the preliminary consideration of the Primate's jurisdiction in the Bishop of Lincoln's case, and on the question of the Bishop of London's veto in the Reredos case, adding that "successive appeals to the Superior Courts in both cases are inevitable."

AN ECCLESIASTICAL ART EXHIBITION has been open this week at the Portman Rooms, the main object of which was to free the Church of England Working Men's Society from a heavy debt. Although this is, of course, an Anglican organisation, the loan collections exhibited included the mitre of Cardinal Wiseman presented to him by the students of Oscott, and some gorgeous vestments lent by Cardinal Manning, one of which is valued at 700*l*.

700l.
MISCELLANEOUS.—The Rev. Griffith Roberts, Rector of Dowlas, has been appointed to the Canonry in Llandaff Cathedral vacant through the resignation of Bishop Perry.—The Rev. A. Gerald Bowman, since 1883 Vicar of St. Andrew's, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, has been presented by the Primate to the living of St. Mark's, Kensington, vacant through the appointment of the Rev. H. H. Montgomery to the See of Tasmania.—The recent special appeal on behalf of the Pusey Memorial Fund has produced an addition to it of nearly 5,000*l.*, which includes second subscriptions from Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone, but 10,000*l.* more are still needed.—An elaborate screen has been erected in St. Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield, in memory of the late Rev. W. Pankridge, its former Rector, to whose exertions are largely due the preservation and restoration of that ancient and interesting church.—A bust of Matthew Arnold is to be erected in the baptistry of Westminster Abbey, and a standard cross over the grave of Charles Dibdin in St. Martin's burial ground, Pratt Street, Camden Town.

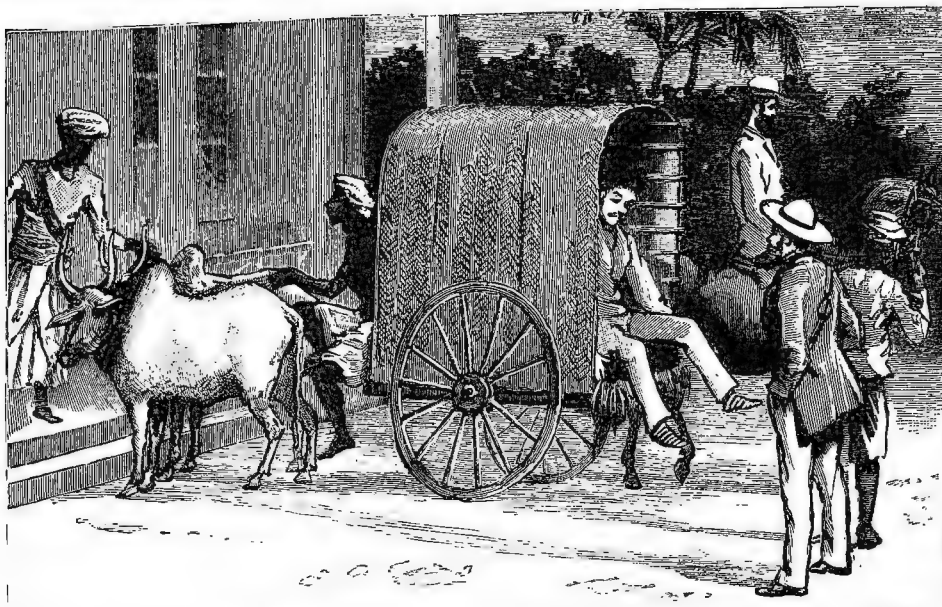
WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1839.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (11th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the early part of the week was dry, and hot generally, followed by severe thunderstorms over the East of Scotland and the South-East of England, with heavy rain, and (in some places) large hailstones. Subsequently the weather became dull, rainy, and cold generally. Pressure was at first highest in the extreme North, or over our Islands, while it was lowest in the far South, with light Easterly to North-Easterly breezes, and fine, warm, and dry weather in all places. By Friday morning (7th inst.) a shallow disturbance was found lying over the South of England and North of France; while during the remainder of the week several other shallow systems appeared from time to time within a long trough of low pressure which stretched from Scandinavia to the North-West of France. These depressions materially affected the weather over the British Islands, and, after producing the sharp thunderstorm mentioned above, caused very unsettled conditions to prevail generally. Thus temperature, which was as high as 80° conditions in some places over England on Thursday and Friday (6th and 7th inst.), had fallen to about 60° over the South-East of England by Sunday (9th inst.), and to as low as 52° on Monday (10th inst.), while the sky had become inst., and to as much clouded, with showers or drizzle in many places, as heavily overcast on the East Coast and South-East portion of the country, as had heavy rain. Towards the close of the time some improvement in these conditions as Jersey probable. Temperature was above the average during the early part of the week, but below it afterwards; the highest of the daily maxima, which occurred on Thursday (6th inst.), was 83° in London. In London the barometer was highest (30·42 inches) on Wednesday (5th inst.; lowest (29·66 inches) on Sunday (6th inst.); range 0·76 inch. The temperature was highest (83°) on Thursday (6th inst.); lowest (48°) on Tuesday (11th inst.); range 35°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount 1·95 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 1·14 inch on Monday (10th inst.)



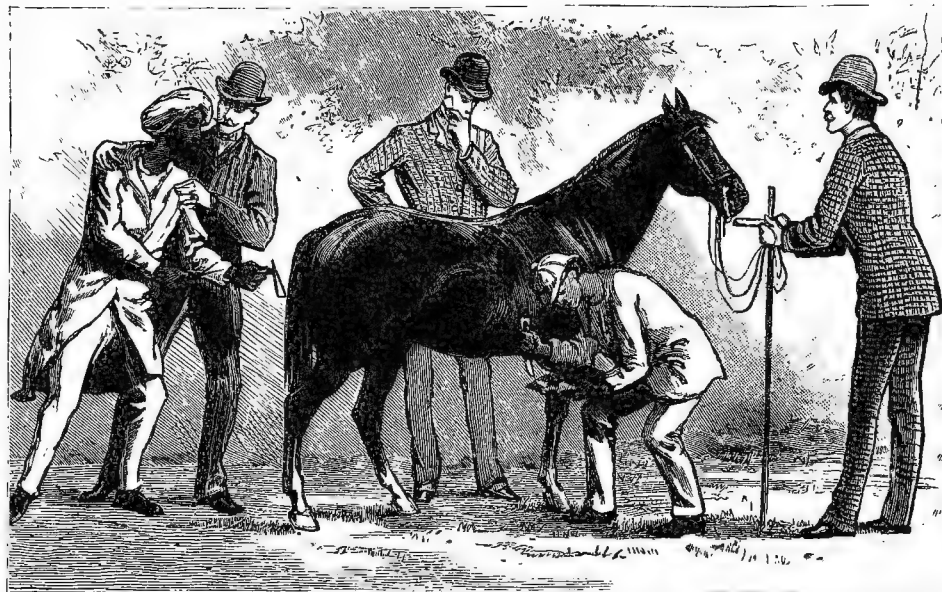
SOME OF THE VISITORS FROM THE NEIGHBOURING HILLS ARRIVE AT THE CLUB AT 6 A.M.



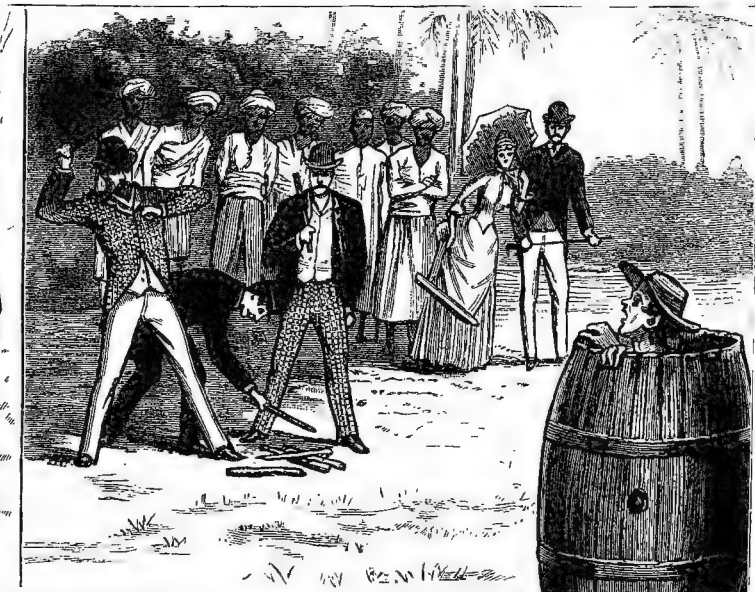
THEY ALL WANT THEIR HAIR CUT AT ONCE, SO THE BARBER HAS A BAD TIME OF IT



PREPARATIONS FOR THE "CANTERBURY WEEK" BALL—COOLIES POLISHING THE FLOOR



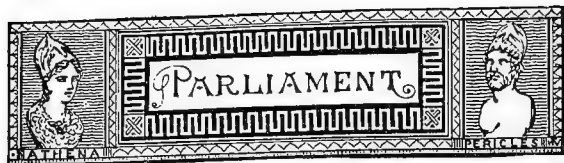
THE REGULATION PONY, BEING OVER HEIGHT, HAS HIS FEET PARED AND HIS WITHERS SHAVED



AT THE RACES. THE MAN IN THE TUB: "HAVE A SHY, SIR?"



THE ROAD—GOING TO THE RACES



UP TO WHITSUNTIDE

THE House of Commons meets again on Monday for the third and critical stage of the Session. The House of Lords re-assembles on the day after; but might for all practical purposes have well met a month later. Hitherto, with two or three exceptions, from half an hour to an hour per night has sufficed to accomplish the legislative work that falls to the lot of the Upper House. Often ten minutes serves, and there has been more than one day when the House of Lords have met with full paraphernalia, Black Rod on guard, a Bishop to say prayers, and literally no work to do. The Lord Chancellor, like the Duke of York on a famous occasion, has marched up to the table with Mace and Purse in attendance, and has marched back again. For the greater part of the Session it would amply suffice that the Lords should meet two days a week instead of four, as is now ordered.

The Commons return to work sustained by the consciousness that, as far as the Ministerial programme is concerned, they are in a better position than has been held for several Sessions. As regards the catalogue of Bills forwarded goes, it is certainly not imposing, either in number or importance. There is the Naval Defence Bill which has passed both Houses, the Lords distinguishing themselves at the final stage by a display of phenomenal alacrity. Having read the Bill a third time, they determined to dispose of the stage

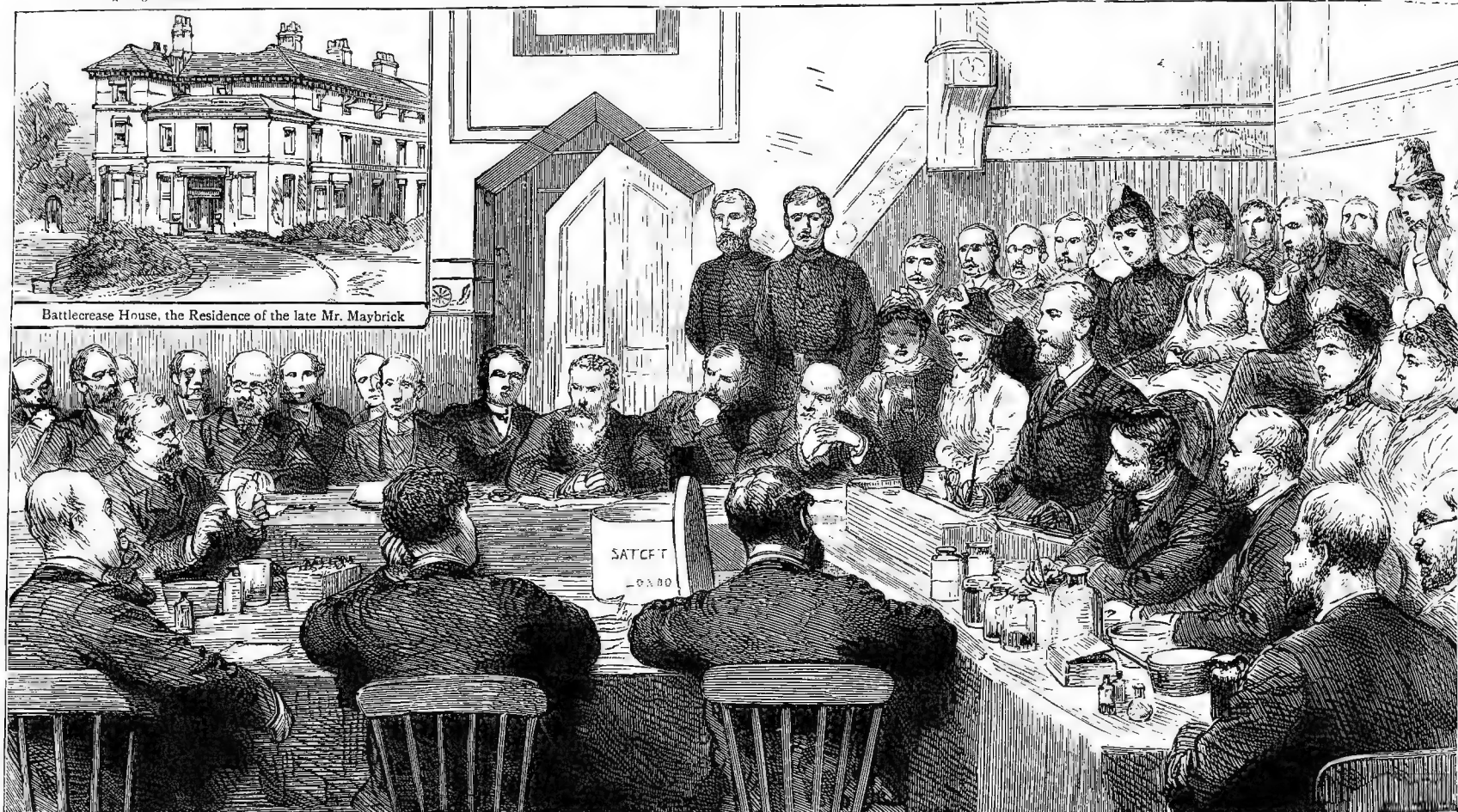
pritated to Committee of Supply. It regularly comes to pass that, very early in the Session, the Government appropriates the time that used to be allotted to private members. A very few years ago there would have been a howl of indignation at the proposal with which Mr. Smith will blandly open proceedings on Monday, to take the whole of Tuesdays for the remainder of the Session. The whole of Tuesdays used to be the inalienable right of private members, and whilst on Fridays the Government claimed the right to go into Committee of Supply if opportunity presented itself, opportunity had to wait upon the forbearance of private members who had precedence for notices of motion. In the current Session, Tuesdays and Fridays were, on resuming after Easter, withdrawn from the possession of private members, by the introduction of morning sittings, a device which owes its birth to the ingenuity of Mr. Disraeli. Henceforward Tuesdays will be swallowed up by the lean knee of Ministerial exigency, and there remains for private members only the Wednesday sitting from twelve to six, and the evening sittings on Fridays from nine to one. Thus it comes to pass that the private members, cut off from their birthright, find in Committees of Supply their only chance of airing their views, or enlarging upon their grievances.

The Session, as far as it has gone, has been singularly free from those exciting episodes which of late years have come to be regarded as parts of ordinary procedure. There was one memorable scene, never to be forgotten by any who witnessed it, when Mr. Parnell, coming fresh from the Courts of Justice in which the origin of the forged letters had been disclosed, was greeted by the Opposition up-standing, with Mr. Gladstone at their head, and all his colleagues on the Front Benches vieing with each other in the effort to do honour to an ancient adversary. But since that burst

took her into custody, she made no reply. On Friday, last week after an inquest which had been several times adjourned, the Coroner's jury gave as their unanimous verdict that the death of the deceased had resulted from irritant poison, but only twelve of



MRS. MAYBRICK THE LATE MR. JAMES MAYBRICK

Professor Davies,
Analyst,
giving evidenceMr. Edwin Maybrick, Alice Tapp, Nurse
Foreman of the Jury, Mr. A. G. Steel, Counsel for Mrs. Maybrick, Humfries, Cook, Dr. CarterMr. Mulholland,
Counsel for Mr. BrierleyMr. Pickford, Q.C.,
Counsel for the DefenceMr. Brighouse
CoronerInspector Baxendale
Supt. Bryning
Prosecutor

THE SCENE AT THE CORONER'S INQUEST ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MR. MAYBRICK

of Royal Assent at the same sitting. By the lavish use of the telegraph and the engagement of a special train the thing was done, and within the space of three hours after passing its final stage in the Lords the Naval Defence Bill was formally added to the Statute Book. Whether this *tour de force* was worth the money and trouble expended on it is quite another matter.

The chief legislative measure of the Session is the Scotch Local Government Bill, which, introduced in four sections, has, as far as the main divisions are concerned, passed the critical stage of the second reading. The attitude of the Scotch members, gratefully acknowledged by the Lord Advocate, seems to promise a favourable passage through the remaining stages. But it would be rash to expect that the third Bill, which deals with Parochial Boards, will get through without difficulty. A threatening attitude has been assumed by the local bodies chiefly concerned, and the Scotch members have received instructions from their constituents which portend trouble.

Together with the Scotch Bills the Government pledged themselves at the outset to deal diligently with Supply. In more heroic ages, when the table of the House of Commons has been strewn with Bills of first-class importance, Supply has been relegated to the tail end of the Session, and has been dealt with in the dead hours of the night. This Session Supply was taken in hand promptly after the assembling of Parliament, and it is a long time since the House, separating for the Whitsun holidays, left the various spending Departments in such comfortable circumstances. In these later days Committee of Supply has quite other functions than it used to have. When Macaulay was Chief Secretary of War, he found things very different from Mr. Stanhope's experience in the present day. Writing on the 14th of March, 1840, he says:—"I have got through my Estimates with flying colours, made a long speech, stood catechising on all sorts of questions, and got six millions of public money in the course of an hour or two." That means that the Secretary of War brought on his Estimates on a given night, and before the House adjourned, possibly before the dinner hour, it had voted the whole of the War Estimates for the year. Mr. Stanhope will recall this experience with that yearning regret with which the British taxpayer looks back upon the times when the Estimates for the War Department did not exceed six millions.

The practice of passing Estimates at a single sitting has long disappeared into the dim and distant past. But even of late years, there has been reasonable excuse for extending the period appro-

of emotion the Irish members have played an unfamiliarly quiet part in Parliamentary life. They have been content through successive nights to practically efface themselves, and just before the adjournment for the Whitsun Recess there was beheld the unprecedented spectacle of Mr. Ealfour bringing in five Bills dealing with Ireland, leave being given after less than five hours discussion.

Whilst the Irish members stood aside, the Scotch members, and even the Welsh members, have made attempts to fill the vacant place. The Scotch members, as hinted above, threaten obstinate resistance in respect of one limb of the Local Government Bill; whilst the Welsh complain of neglect to deal with intermediate education in the Principality, and take exception to the composition of the Royal Commission of the Sunday Closing Act. But neither Scotch nor Welsh, nor both combined, can compete with the Irish members in the particular rôle they have created for themselves during the past fifteen years.

As for the English section of the House, they have completely ruptured under the influence of prevailing quietude. Several times rupture has been threatened—on the Army Estimates, on the Navy Estimates, on the financial arrangements of the Naval Defence Bill and on the Sugar Convention. Issue has not yet been joined on this last matter, the Government showing a disposition to avoid unpleasantness and possible danger by letting it drop. For the rest, there have been some debate and several divisions. But the performances have partaken largely of the character of sham fights. On the whole, the Session, as far as it has gone, has been favourable to Ministers, a circumstance which, in a degree perhaps not fully recognised, is due to the tact, good temper, and unpretentious skill of the First Lord of the Treasury.

THE MAYBRICK POISONING CASE

THE inquiry which has excited much local and general interest into the circumstances attending the death of Mr. James Maybrick, cotton merchant, of Liverpool, residing at Aigburth, has reached a first and important stage. He died on Saturday, the 11th of May, and on the 13th his wife, a lady about twenty-seven, he being some twenty-three years her senior, was arrested on a charge of having poisoned him; on being told of which by the police-inspector who

the thirteen were of opinion that the poison had been administered to Mr. Maybrick with the intent to take his life. This, the coroner said, meant a verdict of wilful murder against Mrs. Maybrick, who, on being brought into Court from the adjoining police-station, seemed quite stupefied on being informed by the coroner of the verdict.

The medical men who had attended the deceased, and on whose evidence this verdict was largely based, admitted that they did not suspect that he had been poisoned until this was suggested to them a day or two before his death. It does not seem to have been asked by whom this suggestion was made, but probably it came from two brothers of the deceased, whose suspicions were excited by information respecting Mrs. Maybrick's administration of food and medicine to her husband, received from one of the nurses, and by a letter written by Mrs. Maybrick, the contents of which were discovered in rather a singular way. The children's nurse was given the letter to post, addressed to a gentleman in Liverpool. On her way to the post-office the baby dropped it in the mud, and to put it into another envelope she opened it, and having read it handed it to one of the brothers of the deceased. Its tone and tenor pointed to an improper intercourse between the writer of the letter and the person to whom it was addressed, and the fact of such an intercourse was proved pretty clearly in evidence. The suspicions thus aroused led the medical men to the conclusion, discovered too late to be effective, that their patient was poisoned. Mrs. Maybrick had, according to the evidence, given him food and medicine, in the remains of both of which arsenic was found. It was proved that no arsenic had been placed in the medicine by the chemist, who made it up from a prescription. A bottle of Valentine's meat extract, into which arsenic had been introduced, was found in Mrs. Maybrick's room, with bottles containing strong solutions of arsenic and a sealed packet containing arsenic in powder. The medical attendants expressed themselves confident from the patient's latest symptoms, that the deceased had died of irritant poison, probably arsenic. One of these gentlemen spoke to his attempt to effect a reconciliation between husband and wife, when Mrs. Maybrick told him that her husband was repugnant to her, and, in summing up, the coroner asked the jury to consider whether there had not been proved the existence of motives tending to make her desirous of her husband's death. Since the inquest Mrs. Maybrick has been confined in a police cell, and is described as conversing quite cheerfully.

somewhat perplexing position in Eastern Africa.
 A charming book of travel is Mr. H. De Windt's "From Peking to Calais by Land" (Chapman and Hall). If the volume is large, so also is the type. The author spent Jubilee Day at Peking, before starting on his long journey, and gives us a lively glimpse of gala European life in the Celestial capital. "A full-dress reception," he says, "was held at the British Embassy in the afternoon, whilst at night the gardens were illuminated with hundreds of coloured lamps, the two entrance pavilions were turned into reception-rooms, and a ball given to the European community. It was hard to realise that one was really in this hidden corner of the earth. With so many smart gowns and pretty faces around one might have been in a London or Paris ball-room." He was in Irkutsk on the 19th of August, a day when there was a total eclipse of the sun in Siberia which European men of science went far to see. Many of the people in Irkutsk had not heard of the coming phenomenon. That they were terribly disconcerted goes without saying. Droshki-drivers pulled up their horses and stared open-mouthed; market women left their stalls to kneel and cross themselves; every one's face wore an anxious, concerned look, which no doubt made the scene more weird. As we have always understood, the effect produced on the animal creation was extraordinary. Horses neighed, dogs howled, while birds in great flocks flew silently across the starlit sky. So many folk think of Siberia as being in the outer gloom that it is interesting to read Mr. De Windt about an important city on the Obi:—"One is struck at Tomsk by the number of well-turned-out carriages and horses in the streets, though the droshkis, or public vehicles, are rough, uncomfortable things, in shape something like an Irish jaunting-car, with a seat about half a yard broad, to hold two persons sitting back to back. . . . Few affected the Siberian costume, the long cloak and white head-handkerchief, so much in vogue in Eastern Siberia, but the smart gowns and neat figures in the streets pleasantly recalled

Those who are interested in our social question with reference to its economic bearings might do worse than obtain Mr. Nicholas Paine Gilman's "Profit-Sharing Between Employer and Employé: a Study in the Evolution of the Wages System" (Macmillan). The officials of the American Economic Association have published a statement with reference to this work, which deserves to be quoted. They say: "We, the undersigned, members of the Council of this

The Psychical Society might do worse than investigate the facts upon which the narrative is based told in a book published by Messrs. Bemrose. Its author is the Rev. J. Henry Skewes, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Liverpool, and late President of the Liverpool Mental Science Association. The work is entitled "Sir John Franklin: The True Secret of the Discovery of His Fate: a 'Revelation.'" The author claims that the successful coming of the last search expedition on traces of the lost ones at Point Victory was entirely due to a revelation to the daughter of a Captain Coppin. As he puts it, "A little child received a 'revelation.' In a region of snow and ice two ships appear. The names of the ships are also 'seen,' and a route, new and strange, shows how the ship may be reached. Lady Franklin receives from the father of the child a detailed account of the mysterious chart-like scene, and

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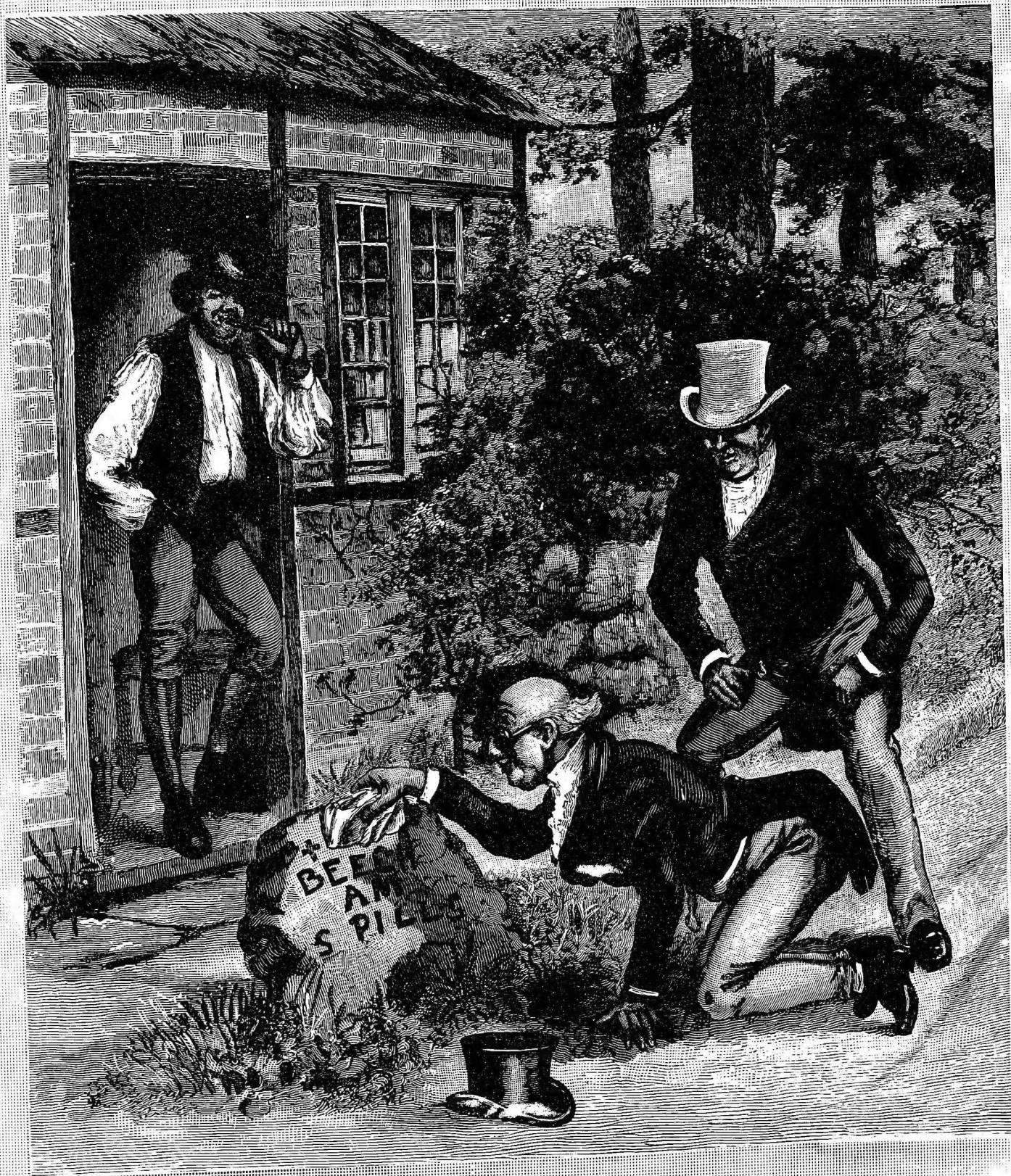
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the luminous writing on the wall, including a chart drawn by his little daughter." So it is, Mr. Skewes informs us, that Lady Franklin was correctly guided to "Point Victory."

We have also received the second part of "Francis Bacon: His Life and Philosophy" (William Blackwood), by Professor Nichol, of the University of Glasgow. The author has used all the best authorities for his subject, including such interpreters and critics as Mr. Robert Ellis, Herr Kuno Fischer, and M. de Rémusat. He has produced what seems to us a solid and substantial addition to philosophical literature. Besides, we may acknowledge the receipt of "Noted Breweries of Great Britain and Ireland" (Sir Joseph Causton), by Mr. Alfred Barnard; and Part I., "The Railway and Canal Traffic Act, 1883," by Mr. W. A. Hunter, LL.D., M.P. It is an exposition of Section Twenty-Four of the Act, and gives a full account of the existing law with respect to maximum rates and terminal charges and the new classification of goods, and revised schedules of rates of twenty-four principal railways of the United Kingdom. It is published by Messrs. Sweet and Maxwell.

MINOR BOOKS.—"Murray's London Entertainment Guide" (J. P. Murray, 5, Queen's Head Passage, E.C.), published every month, at the price of one penny, contains a complete list of all the principal London Theatres, Music Halls, Picture Galleries, Exhibitions, &c., with particulars of the amusement at each, so that visitors to the Great Metropolis, with this in their pockets, can very easily ascertain what is going on at the different places of entertainment. "Ingall's Foreign Stock Annual," compiled by G. D. Ingall, and "Mathieson's Monthly Traffic Tables" (F. C. Mathieson and Son, Bartholomew House, E.C.), are two little handbooks useful to investors. The former is a compendium of Foreign Stocks of which the dividends are payable in London, and embraces a variety of useful matter connected therewith, whilst the latter includes particulars of the capital, dividends, &c., of the chief British and American Railways, with the names of the various secretaries. This year, with the new editions of Dickens' "Dictionary of London" and "Dictionary of the Thames" appears a "Dictionary of Paris" (Macmillan and Co.), prepared on exactly the same lines.

No doubt this latter will be one of the most popular of the many guides to Paris now being published on account of the Paris Exhibition, as "Dickens' dictionaries" are well known as being both practical and useful works.—Messrs. John Walker and Co. send us two excellent publications in "The Pocket Atlas and Guide to London" and "The Pocket Atlas and Guide to Paris." They are both just what a pocket atlas should be—concise and legible.—Another "Guide to Paris" comes to us from G. Bacon and Co., 127, Strand. Messrs. Bacon's name is a sufficient guarantee of the utility of the guide. Appended to the volume is a capital plan of the city, drawn to a large scale.—English visitors to Paris, only partially acquainted with the French language, will find "The European Conversation Books—French" (Walter Scott, 24, Warwick Lane, E.C.) very useful in making themselves understood. The book contains hints to travellers, particulars of the French coinage, and a series of French sentences on matters of everyday use, with their equivalent in English.—We have received from Messrs. George Routledge and Sons "A Dictionary Appendix," by James Henry Murray, comprising classical and foreign phrases, family mottoes, proverbs, &c., fully translated, together with abbreviations in frequent use; and from Messrs. Saxon and Co., 23, Bouverie Street, E.C., "Everybody's Book of Jokes," containing over 3,000 selections of jests, conundrums, puns, anecdotes, &c.



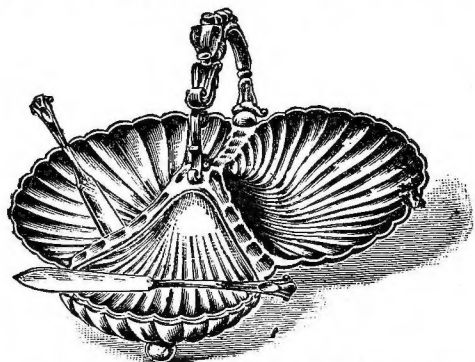
MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO. — "The Communion Office" (in F), by Ferris Tozer, is a well-written composition, by a clever composer who is not as well known as he deserves to be.—A simple setting of the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis,"

arranged for the use of parish church choirs by S. Bath, will prove an acquisition to those for whom it is intended.—"Ye are now Sorrowful," a full anthem for Whitsuntide or general use (S.A.T.B.), composed by Edward G. Croager, will take a good place in the repertory of all cultivated choirs, and will not soon be put aside.—"Original Sacred Melodies," of various metres, composed by Thomas Henry Passmore, are fairly good and useful specimens of hymn tunes.—"Meditation" on the melody in Chopin's Funeral march, arranged for voice, pianoforte, violin, and organ *ad libitum*, by William Carter, words by Mildred Gauntlett, may lay claim to originality, but the idea will not bear repetition; we hope that no one will do the same by "The Dead March in Saul."—Alfred Allen has brought out another of his humorous part songs, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son;" it will take well at a smoking concert or mess dinner.

CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—Four pleasing songs, music by Noel Johnson, are: "When Thou Art Sleeping, Maiden;" "Good Night! Good Night! Beloved;" and "All are Sleeping, Weary Heart;" they are three of Longfellow's charming poems; "I Fear Thy Kisses, Gentle Maiden," is Shelley's well-known poem.—Of more than average merit is "Elegie" pour violon, violoncello, or viola, avec accompagnement de piano, par G. St. George.—Equally worthy of praise are "Three Character Pieces:" 1, "Prière;" 2, "Meditation;" 3, "Espoir;" for viola or violin and pianoforte, by J. Jacques Haakman. This young composer is making steady progress in the right direction.—Of a more simple type than the above, but all the more useful for beginners, is "Moment Musical," for violin and pianoforte, by T. Harrison Frewin.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Thomas Morton has set to music Longfellow's significant poem "I Know a Maiden Fair to See" in a fairly-creditable manner (Messrs. Marriott and Williams).—Precisely the same may be said of "Take, oh Take Those Lips Away" (Shakespeare), which "Sidonia" has set to music (Messrs. Allan and Co., Melbourne).—C. Mackay's spirited poem "Rolling Home to Bonnie Scotland" has been fairly well set to music by Edward Horrox (Messrs. E. Köhler and Son, Edinburgh).

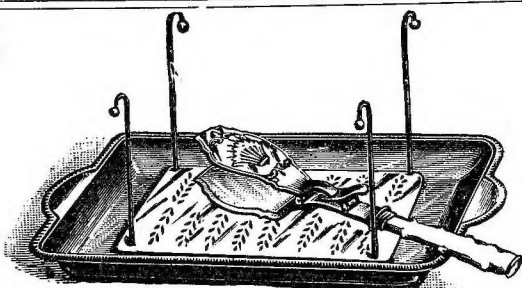
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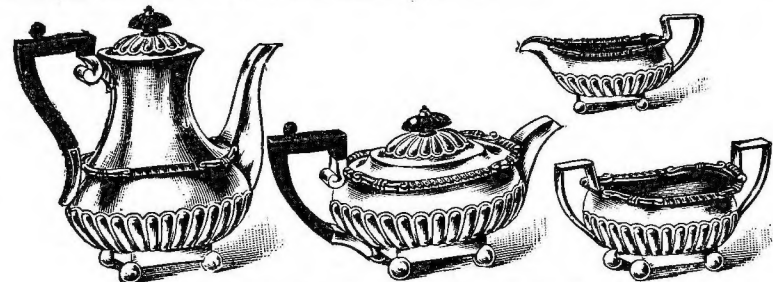
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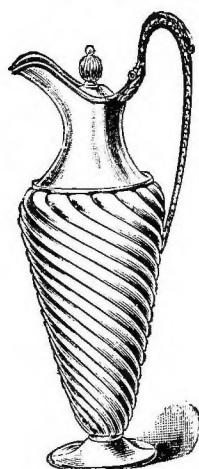


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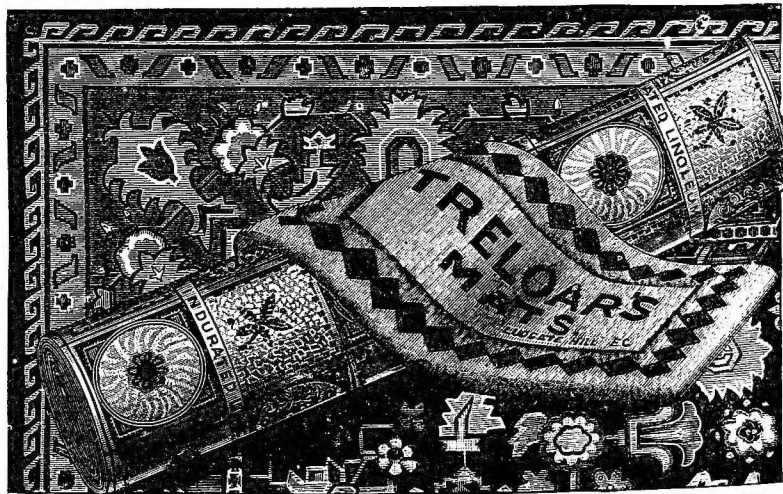
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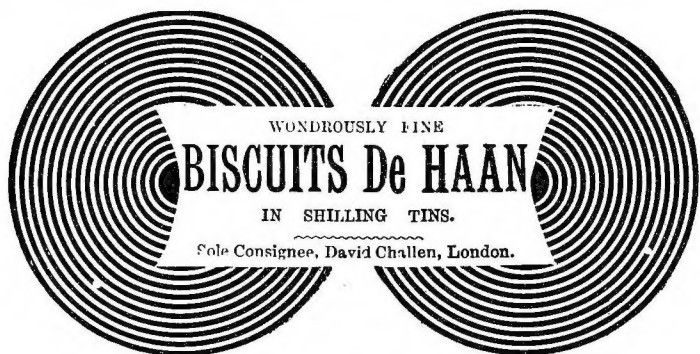
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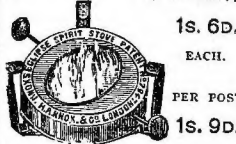
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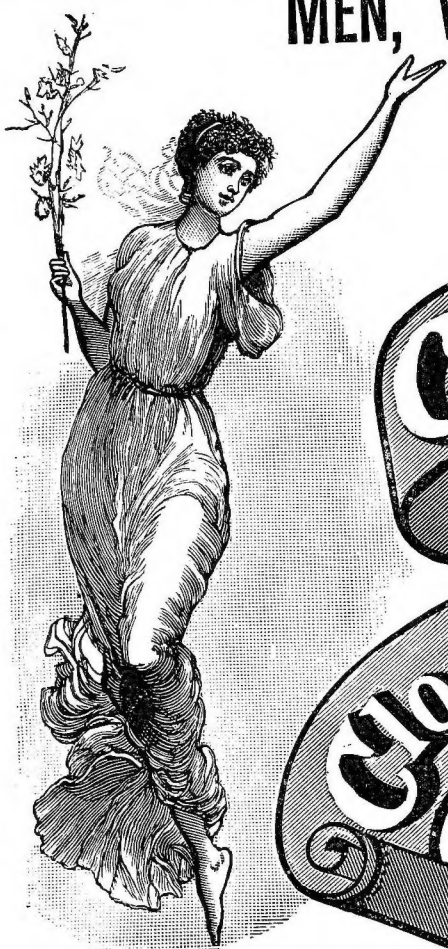
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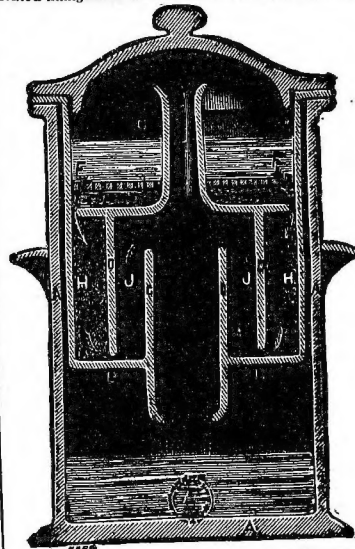
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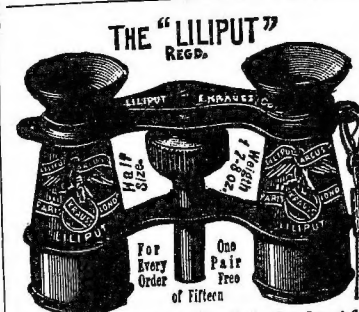
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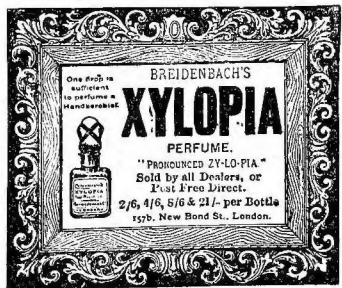
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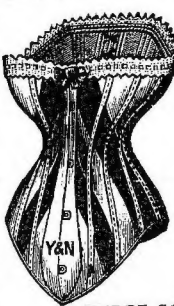


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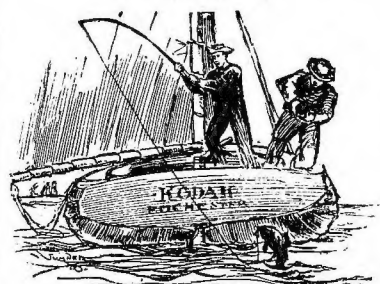


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